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A HISTORY

OF THE

CELEBRATION OF ROBERT BURNS'

110th NATAL DAY,

AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL,

NEW YORK.

JERSEY CITY:
PRINTED BY JOHN H. LYON

1869.

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PREFACE.

—— h. 30 W.C. Bryant

Convivial festivals are of frequent occurrence in the city of New York. Hitherto gentlemen only have attended them. At one recently held at Delmonico's the propriety of the presence of ladies on such occasions came up for discussion at one of the tables, and but one gentleman was found gallant enough to advocate such an innovation. He urged his views, however, with a warmth and cogency that drove his old fogy adversaries to the wall, who finding themselves whipped in a fair fight of facts, ordered forward, as cunning debaters always do, when they have to cover the retreat of repulsed logic, ridicule's reserved corps and attempted to laugh him out of the field. His only rejoinder to this was a promise to teach them as early as occasion would permit a civilizing lesson in a practical form. Looking into the future he saw near at hand the natal day of Robert Burns, and seizing upon it by the dint of indefatigable energy soon obtained the consent of one hundred and fifty gentlemen to co-operate with him in the celebration of that event at the banquet board, at which the presence of ladies as guests, it was distinctly understood, was to be made a prominent feature.

Gifted orators and poets were at once applied to, to respond in speeches and poems to toasts, and as the result will appear in this pamphlet, upon this brilliant chapter in the banquet's history, all that is left to be said, is, that, flattering as the verdict of the reader is bound to be, it will amount to but faint praise when contrasted with the enthusiastic plaudits of the listeners. The orators there, were many, upon whose lips the mystic bee had dropped the

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honey of persuasion, and thrill after thrill swept along the cords of every heart present "as apples of gold set in pictures of silver" descended in musical tones and sunshine showers, brightening the eyes of beauty and electrifying the sensibilities and intelligence of all. Poet's declaimed poems that filled the atmosphere of fancy with the intoxicating fragrance of imagery, and sweet singers sang sweetly Burns' sweetest songs. About one hundred ladies, of rare beauty and exalted social position, graced the occasion and placed the propriety of the presence of the gentler sex at the banquet board upon a basis of respectability against which vulgarians beyond the reach of woman's refining influence, and bachanalians, who are always unhappy when they are decently sober, may rail till doomsday, but never will unsettle. Such an occasion had no attractions for frivolous feminines, and it followed naturally that the beauty present was cast in a mould of ripe culture and refined intellectuality, which, heightened as it was by the electrical effects of eloquence, the enchanting influences of music, and the general animation of so brilliant an assemblage, reacted upon the orators, poets and singers, making the eloquent more eloquent, the wittiest wittier, fancy's flights bolder, and music's tones sweeter until the happiness of the occasion culminated in a scene magnificently dazzling.

The Hon. David Dudley Field presided with consummate grace and intrepid dignity, assisted gracefully by Judge J. R. Whiting, Wilson G. Hunt, and John Roberton, as Vice Presidents.

Some allusions have been made in the press to the propriety of one of the toasts. A toast is designed either to call out anybody's sentiments upon some special subject, or some special body's sentiment upon any subject. A large majority of the subscribers to this festival were judges and lawyers, and as it was a Scotch event being celebrated we insist that save the "Memory of Burns" and "Minstrelsy" no toast could have been more eminently proper than was that of "the Scotch Jurist," under the circumstances, espe-

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cially when it was responded to by a judge whose father and grandfather were judges. Toasts are frequently suggested by the fame of individuals. On this occasion the toast of "Celtic wit" was in the original list. It was suggested by the proverbial perspicacity of one of our most popular Judges of the Common Pleas, and he consented to respond to it, and when unforeseen obstacles arose to prevent his presence, that toast was omitted. The only source of serious regret is that all of the toasts were not reached before the ladies retired. The answer to this sole cause of complaint, is, that had the company dined at the hour appointed to dine, there would have been ample time to have finished the programme.

It is noticeable that no Scotchman was selected to respond to a toast. The explanation is complimentary to Scotch modesty. The prominent Scotchmen consulted, concurred in the conclusion, that it would smack rather rankly of egotism in any Scotchman to say all that ought to be said eulogistic of Scotland, and Scotch achievements and virtues.

The within speeches were all made under a brief notice and the ten minute rule.

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TICKET OF ADMISSION.

PLACE AUX DAMES

BURNS NATAL FESTIVAL.

Ingenio Stat Sine Morte Decus.

We'se gie a nights discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o'rhymin ware
Wi' ane anither.

DINNER AT METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK.

January 25th, 1869, *at* 5 *P. M.*

Admit one. *Manager.*

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President,

HON. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

Vice-Presidents,

JUDGE J. R. WHITING, WILSON G. HUNT,
JOHN ROBERTON.

Committee on Toasts and Speakers,

ANDREW H. H. DAWSON, GEORGE E. CHURCH,
THOMAS W. PITTMAN.

Committee of Reception,

JOHN ROBERTON, H. H. MORANGE,
FRANK E. HOWE, JAMES MOIR,
WILLIAM PATON, A. M. STEWART,
WALTER WATSON.

Committee on Invitations,

ANDREW H. H. DAWSON, A. S. SULLIVAN,
JAMES S. THAYER, LEON ABBETT,
DR. L. A. SAYRE.

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ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL

IN HONOR OF

ROBERT BURNS,

At the Metropolitan Hotel, Monday, January 25th, 1869.

OYSTERS ON HALF SHELL.

SOUP.

Scotch Broth, with barley

FISH.

Boiled Salmon, a la Macgregor.

REMOVES.

Leg of Mutton, a la Wallace.
Capon, a l'Ecossaise.
Calf's Head, tomato sauce.
Buffalo Tongue.
Tenderloin, larded, a la Manhattan.
Turkey, giblet sauce.
Ham, glace, au champagne.
Goose, apple sauce.

COLD DISHES.

Robert Burns, sur le Globe, en Galantine.
Terrine de Foies Gras, historie.
Chaufroix, metamorphose.
Gros Pate de Gibier, aux truffes.
Brochette sur pont, au beurre de Montpellier.
Les Jambonneaux de de Volaille, a la Queen Mary.
Les Ballotine de Lievre.

ENTREES.

Turban of Fillet of Grouse, a la perigueux.
Sweetbreads, en pannier, aux petits pois.
Epigramme d'Agneaux, a la Soubise.
Terrapin, en caisse, a la Metropolitane.
Small Croustade, a la Montglas.
Timbale of Macaroni.
Boudin of Chicken.
Aspic d'Homard.

Punch, a la Romaine.

GAME.

Canvass Back Duck.
Saddle of Venison.
Broiled Quail, on toast.
Partridge, barde.
Salade.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled and Mashed Potatoes.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Mashed Turnips.
Cream Spinach.
Fried Parsnips.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Boiled Rice.

ORNAMENTS.

Pyramid of Honor to Robert Burns.
Group of Poetical Designs.
National Sea Side Salute.
Rose Bush, a la natural.
Floral Cornucopia, mounted.
Representation of the Union.
Grand Nougat Lyre, mounted.
Transparent Pyramid, a la cactus.
Bon-Bon Basket, on scrolls.
Variety Pyramid, Indian style.

PASTRY,

Caledonia Pudding, champagne sauce.
Apple, Orange, Mince, Cocoanut Pies.
Fancy Hock Wine Jelly.
Champagne Jelly.
Ornamented Charlotte Russe, a la vanille.
Gateaux, au creme, a l'Edinburgh.
Cheese, a la Napolitaine.
Sherry Wine Jelly.
Fancy Confectionery.
Vanilla Ice Cream.
Fruits and Coffee.

[Poor Burns! how he would have enjoyed *such* a dinner.]

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METROPOLITAN WINES.

CHAMPAGNE.

	Pts.	Qts.
Chandon, Grand Vin Imperial, GREEN SEAL	$2 00	$4 00
Moet & Chandon, Fleur de Sillery	1 75	3 50
" Verzenay	1 75	3 50
V. Cliquot Ponsardin	2 25	4 50
Heidsieck, Piper & Co	2 00	4 00
Heidsieck & Co	1 75	3 50
Mumm's Verzenay	1 75	3 50
Mumm's Royal Rose	2 00	4 00
St. Marceaux Carte Noire	1 75	3 50
St. Marceaux, first quality		4 50
Bruch, Foucher & Co., Carte d'Or	2 00	4 00
" Lac d'Or	1 75	3 50
L. Roederer's Imperial	2 50	5 00
" Dry Sillery	2 00	4 00
Extra, Charles Heidsieck	2 00	4 00

CLARET.

Medoc "Bradenburg Freres"	0 50	1 00
St. Julien " "	0 75	1 50
Margeaux " "	1 00	2 00
St. Pierre " "	1 25	2 50
Larose " "		2 50
Chateau la Rose "Bradenburg Freres"	1 50	3 00
Chateau Mouton " "		3 50
Chateau Margeaux, Grand Vin, 1858		6 00
Chateau Lafitte, Grand Vin, 1858		6 50

SAUTERNE.

Haut Sauterne "Bradenburg Freres"	0 75	1 50
Chat. Sauterne " "	1 00	2 00
Latour Blanche " "		3 00
Chat. Latour Blanche "Bradenburg Freres"		3 50

BURGUNDY.

Nuits, from R. Bruninghaus	2 00	4 00
Chambertin, "		5 00
Clos. de Vougeot, "		6 00
Chablis, white "		4 00

RHENISH, MOSELLE AND SPARKLING HOCK WINES.

Hockheimer, from Henkell & Co	1 25	2 50
Rudesheimer, "		3 00
Stein Wein in Bocksbeutel		3 00
Marcobrunner, Henkell & Co		4 00
Stoinberg "		5 00
Johannisberger, Prince Metternich Estate,		6 00
" " " 1846		8 00
Sharzhofberg, " " "		8 00
Marcobrunner Ausbruch		8 00
Sparkling Moselle Muscatel	1 75	3 50
" Hock, sup. quality	2 00	4 00
" Scharzberg	2 00	4 00

SHERRY.

Pale Sherry, on draught	1 00	2 00
Fine Old Pale Sherry		2 50
Reserve " "		3 00
Topaz " "		4 00
Burmester & Co,, Amontillado, A. P		4 00
" " " V. A. P		5 00
Hourie Pale Sherry, very old		5 50
Offley's " " " "		5 00
Royal Cabinet, " "		6 00
Pemartin's Pale, " "		6 00
Offley's Gold, " "		4 00
" Brown, " "		4 00

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MADEIRA.

	Pts.	Qts.
Madeira, on draught	$1 00	$2 00
Old London Particular, dry and fruity		3 50
Old South Side Madeira		3 50
Cuma de Lobos, vintage of 1829		5 00
Old India, very superior, 1835		6 00
Cuma de Lobos, very dry, imported in glass		7 00
Newton, Gordon & Scott		7 00
Ivanough, Bloodgood, very old		8 00
Fine Old St. Anna, pr. India, imp. in glass '35		9 00

PORT,

London Dock Port, on draught	1 00	2 00
London Dock, dry Port		2 50
London Dock, sweet Port		2 50
Pure Juice Port		2 50
Burmester Port		3 00
Burmester Port, old and dry		4 00
Offley's, Webber & Forrester		8 00

AMERICAN WINES.

Sparkling Catawba	1 25	2 50
American Wine Co., St. Louis, Imperial		3 50
Golden Wedding	1 50	3 00
H. T. Dewey's Sparkling Catawba	75	1 50
California Port		2 50
" Hock		2 00
" Angelica		2 50

LIQUEURS.

Kirschwasser		4 00
Rosolio Maraschine de Zoro		4 00
Absinthe Suisse		4 00
Chatreuse	2 75	5 50
Annisette, Haltskamp, Rotterdam		4 00
Red and White Curacoa, "		4 00
Vino Vermouth		3 00

MALT LIQUOR.

R. Younger's Ale		0 50
Bass & Co's Pale Ale	0 50	
Falkirk Ale	0 50	
Philadelphia Ale		0 30
London Brown Stout	0 50	1 00
Philadelphia Stout	0 30	
Purdy's Extra Cider	0 30	0 60

BRANDY.

Otard, Dupuy & Co., Cognac	2 00	4 00
Hennessy, "	2 50	5 00
Old Sazerac, "	3 00	6 00
Old S. O. P.	4 00	8 00

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Mr. Field. *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The first toast at a banquet is prescribed by custom, and is intended as a reminder and pledge of our nationality; a nationality represented by the flags which decorate this hall; and which I am sure all of us, whether from the North or the South, accept and honor. It is

1. The President of the United States.

May health and Peace with mutual rays
Shine on the evening of his days.—Burns.

Music.—Hail to the Chief.

Mr. Field. The second toast is intended to remind us of the nationality of him, in memory of whom we meet at this banquet; a nationality to which all of us can do honor, as that of our forefathers, whether Norman, or Saxon or Celt, for the blood of them all flows in American veins. It is

2. The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

"Who will not sing, God save the Queen."—Burns.

Music—God save the Queen.

The President then proposed the toast of the evening,

3. The Memory of Robert Burns.

His was the gift wi' magic power,
To catch the thought in happy hour,
To busk his verse wi' ilka flour,
O fancy sweet.—McNeil.

Bright was thy fame in Scotia's isle,
Sweet bard, where many a Rival sung;
Oft had'st thou wak'd the tear and smile,
As soft thy harp melodious rung.—McNeil.

"The muse was a' he took a pride in."—Burns.

(*Drank silent and standing.*)

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MR. FIELD. *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The great poet, whose birth, one hundred and ten years ago, we are now celebrating was condemned to a life-long struggle with adverse fortune. Born in the humblest class, poverty darkening his cradle and pursuing him to his grave, stinted in his education, pressed with the heavy burden of unremitting toil, led astray by many a temptation, he sunk before his time, and died broken-hearted at the age of thirty-seven. Yet this man, so struggling and so suffering, left an immortal name. The words which he uttered have become household words among the English speaking races wherever they dwell, whether in the three kingdoms under whose sovereign he lived, or in these States—once colonies, but now rivals of those kingdoms—or in that Canadian Dominion which stretches northward to the regions of everlasting ice, or in swarming Asia, or in the islands of either ocean, or in those vast Australian lands which lie beneath the Southern stars. [Applause.] The songs which he wrote are sung from age to age, by the maiden in the soft moonlight, by the ploughman in the summer noon, by the sailor watching at night in distant seas, by the boy exulting in life's first pursuits and the old man whose feet have ceased from pursuit and whose memory turns back to the melodies of early days. The cottage where he was born, the farm at Mossgiel, where his ploughshare turned up the mountain daisy; the kirk of Alloway, which his fancy filled with haunting spirits; the Brig o' Doon, which the flying horseman crossed, and the gurgling Ayr, which seems still to syllable his name—all these are as familiar to us at this day, in another hemisphere, as they were to his countrymen when he died, and the monument which the men of a later age raised to his memory on the banks of his native river speaks to us as audibly as it spoke to them. [Applause.] His poetry is ours almost as truly as it was theirs; ours by language, by inheritance, by kindred and by sympathy. No brother poet has sung of him more fittingly and tenderly than our own Halleck:

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"And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived, died in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.

Through care and pain and want and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel,

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow men."

It is in honor of such a poet and such a man that I now propose the toast to the memory of Robert Burns. This toast will be spoken to by one whom we are always glad to hear, Mr. James S. Thayer.

Mr. Thayer said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

In commemorating the events that fill the calendar of the year, I do not think you can frame in our language a sentiment that would penetrate deeper, or vibrate wider through the circle of human sympathies and regards than the one, Mr. President, you have just announced—"The memory of Robert Burns." There is no depth of feeling the power of his genius did not fathom; there is no passion or emotion in the wide and varied experience of human life, that its rays did not reach and illustrate. From the cradle to the grave, from the one to the other shore of the ocean of life on which we are tossed, the waves that bear us on wear a softer and brighter tint, a richer and warmer glow from the star that rose one hundred and ten years ago over the humble birthplace of Robert Burns, than from any of those majestic and full-orbed suns that burn in the highest heaven of poetry. It is often said that those whose office it is to instruct and guide us in the paths of religious duty, fail in their object because their teachings are too far removed from the earth —abstract, doctrinal and transcendental—they do not come

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down to the everyday walks and wants of life. If it is everything in religion to bring home to every human heart its hopes and consolations; was it not something in poetry, to approach and take possession for the first time of the universal heart of man? And was it not a marvel, indeed, that the hard, rough hand of a plowman was the first to gather up and weave into a bond of cable strength all the strong and delicate threads of the heart, and by the inspiration of his genius to send round the circuit of all humanity the electric thrill that unites in a brotherhood of feeling and thought all who read and speak the English tongue. Robert Burns did this. That heart answers to heart all the world over is the secret of his power—that nothing that is human was foreign to his own nature, was the argument on which he built. Behold the structure! As the eye ranges along the sides of the mountain sacred to the muses, there are loftier temples—and beneath the swelling domes and glittering spires that surmount them, the annointed kings of poetry are enthroned, and hold their court and their revel. They shine in purple all their own, and bear undisputed sway in the domain of epic and dramatic verse. But the votaries who throng these heights do not pass unvisited the imperishable fabric of our bard. It is not reared in marble, nor proportioned or fashioned from the ancient models. The images and works of classic art and beauty do not line its porticos or crowd its niches. No ancestral trophies adorn its walls. It is not planted on that grand summit where you can look out and breathe in the face of the sun. But you can do better than this. You can, on all the sunny slope where it stands, breathe the common, healthy air that gives beauty, strength and vitality to man and nature in all their varied forms and aspects. There are gathered in loving sympathy all those who have warm hearts and generous emotions. There is the tree and the rose, and every flower and green thing that grow beneath the sun; the air is vocal with the song of birds and the music of waterfalls. And all this from a source as pure and copious as any that ever burst from the depths of the earth. How bright the

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gleam of the silver waters at the fountain—muse there among its rocks and pines, and the soul will be filled with pure delight. As the stream rolls on, it gathers much of the earth,—sometimes not the best,—the rains descend chill and stormy, the sharp and bitter winds choke it with the dead leaves and brushwood that moulder on its banks, and sometimes it swells to a wild and angry torrent, but it clears itself and flows on again, calm and deep, reflecting new images of joy and beauty; and now with a rapid, gushing current it flows on, alas! too fast to the great ocean. The poetry of Burns, genial, homelike, not only excites and stirs all the strong emotions of the heart to a fervid pleasure, an ardent, enthusiastic, present enjoyment, but, when the first wild, passionate utterance has passed, a soothing and subsiding wave of melody sinks sweetly and slowly to a calm. Those who have passed through the Lakes of Killarney will remember a spot where, hemmed in by the most magnificent scenery, at a bend in the lake, the guide lays down his oars and sounds a bugle note, which echoes and re-echoes again and again, and once more, until it dies away in the far solitudes of the mountains. You bend your ear to the water, eager, breathless, to catch the last strain, for the last is the sweetest and most exquisite. So the poetry of Burns wakes in the heart not alone one full, grand echo, but penetrates all its recesses, sounds through all its secret chambers, and the responses, lingering, and long drawn out, fade away in the most delicate and enchanting cadence. [Cheers.] The genius of Burns is conspicuous in this, that while his character is distinct and positive, and excites our interest and sympathy in the highest degree, he seldom sketches his own image. Byron is the hero of his best poems. If Burns in his poetry expresses his own joy or sorrow, it is not that of an individual, but the joy and grief of the human heart, the world over and in all times. And if he blends himself with his poetry, it is because he is so much a child of nature, that his own portrait is often the best delineation that could be given of human life and character. And there is a reason for this, as there is for all things true and genuine. His

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character and poetry rest on the same basis—thorough, honest convictions, earnestness, sincerity. These qualities cannot make a man a poet; but born a poet, they make him a man, and inspired by the highest poetic genius, the chief among men; the highest type of the race, allied and akin to all. He loves what they love, and rejects what they condemn—with a sincerity that enlists their sympathy, with an intensity and power that commands their homage. Thus the common mind fixes upon a standard of excellence,—of worth, not only because it is high, elevated—something to look up to, to worship—but because it grows out of the earth; its roots strike into it. They can lean against it and rest under it. There are peasants garments and royal robes to fit every human form that, erect and stately, bears the impress of God's truth and sincerity. For things not genuine and sincere, no matter of what repute, Burns had a hard reckoning. He could not abide cant in religion, pretension in social life, affectation anywhere. But what shall we say of his errors and his faults? I shall not stop to criticise. He who has made every man's life better and nobler should not be severely judged, "because the power was not given to him of wisely guiding his own." Carlyle says in an essay on Mirabeau, "*Moral reflection*—that neither thou nor we, good reader, had any hand in the making of this Mirabeau;—else who knows but we had objected in *our* wisdom! But it was the Upper Powers that made him, without once consulting us, they and not we—so and not otherwise." Burns was a great poet, a true man,—standing on the broad and even plain of life, close by the side of his fellow man, struggling and toiling with him in its every day trials and temptations, he lifted up the whole mass to a higher level, to a nobler destiny, and from his warm loving, trustful soul, comprehending and embracing all, he poured over every path and byway of man's existence, a light that, brightening along the future, will give joy and hope to all the generations of man. The birthday of Burns is celebrated in every land, and wherever it is observed, throughout our own country, in distant continents, and in the far off islands of the

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sea, in no place do more devoted admirers, with warmer hearts than ours, bring their offerings to the shrine of his genius. Fairer faces and brighter smiles do not anywhere grace the festive board. And in another respect, we are fortunate, that while to-night the memory of Burns is enshrined in our inmost hearts as the Chief of Scottish Bards, it is our peculiar privilege to greet with a proud and heartfelt welcome Bryant, the greatest of American poets. [Loud applause.] The greatest, I say, not because he is here, but because he is the greatest. One regret we have, that our bard has been so occupied with the every-day prose of life, that the melody which always enchants his country and the world has been so seldom sounded, from the neglected strings of the harp, that he long ago tuned to a lofty strain of poetic thought and beauty. Ours is the earnest wish, the fervent prayer, that many, many years may yet roll away, ere he will cease to honor and adorn by his presence and his speech—the banquet spread "to the memory of Robert Burns." [Enthusiastic applause.]

Mr. Field. *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

We are now promised a poem by Mr. R. W. Wright.

Mr. Wright then spoke the following poem:

I.

Britannia boasts her hundred bards
Who've struck the sounding lyre,
And flashed along its gleaming chords
Sparks of Olympic fire;
But it is Caledonia's boast,
That to the Sacred Nine
She dedicates immortal verse
That *burns* in every line.

II.

Britannia boasts her Westminster,
With marble honors crowned,
And brazen names that only live
In that historic ground;
But Scotia proudly points at one
Immortal slab and name,
To which all human hearts and tongues
Accord a deathless fame.

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III.

Britannia boasts her Avon bard,
With such rare genius blest,
That Nature kindly owned her son
And took him to her breast;
Where he, a loving child of song,
Such inspiration drew,
His genius first exhausted worlds,
And then created new!

IV.

But Caledonia's Ayrshire bard,
With heavenly gifts endowed,
Was still the Muse's favorite child,
Of whom she was most proud;
And though his genius bodied forth
Less forms of things unknown;
His was the master hand that touched
All human hearts as one!

V.

Britannia boasts her lordly bard
Who half disdained the lyre,
Till he was lashed into a vein
Of fierce satiric fire;
And, madly seizing Albion's harp
As 'twere a brand of flame,
Scourged into silence every tongue
That dared asperse his fame.

VI.

But Scotia boasts a peasant bard
Of such satiric vein,
That where he satirizes most
He least inflcts a pain;
And friend or foe once limned to life
By Burns's cannie pen,
Would swear to all the poet's faults,
To be thus limned again!

VII.

Britannia boasts her epic bard,
Whose heart was swept erewhile,
As erst was his, "the blind old man
Of Scio's rocky isle;"

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One whose imagination soared
To such ecstatic height,
That heaven in blinding glories fell
Upon his raptured sight.

VIII.

But while old Scotia boasts no bard
With epic honors crowned,
Save him of Morven's golden harp
Once strung for chiefs renowned:
It is her glory and her pride,
That with a single lyre,
She makes heroic every heart
Beyond Homeric fire!

IX.

Britannia boast her school of bards,
Whose genius thought to make
The art of *poetizing* prove
The glory of the "Lake;"
And Keswick was the mighty seat
Where they arrayed their lyre,
That flashed not one Promethean spark,
But only painted fire!

X.

But Scotia boasts a single bard
Who proudly scorned the schools
As nurseries to teach the *Art*
Poetica of fools;
And, snatching Caledonia's harp
Of long neglected wire,
Waked strains that touched the human heart
As with a living fire!

XI.

Then let us all, with one accord,
Our highest tribute pay,
While joining in the world's acclaim
On this his natal day;
And passing round the festive board
The mirth, the song, the wine,
All "tak a right guid willie-waught"
For Scotia's bard divine!

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MR. FIELD. The fifth toast is to

5. "Our Country."

"O thou dread power! whose empire-giving hand,
Has oft been stretched to shield the honored land;
Firm may she rise with generous disdain,
At Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain;
Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Bold may she brave grim danger's loudest roar;
Till fate the curtin drop on worlds to be no more."—BURNS.

Music—HAIL COLUMBIA.

How much meaning these two words convey, we know. At home they signify the union of all our states; abroad they are our glory and our defence. The toast will be responded to by Mr. H. B. Perkins.

MR. PERKINS said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Though it has been my custom for years past to unite with the sons of old Caledonia in celebrating the birthday of their greatest poet, yet this is the first time that it has not been legitimately within my province to say a word in praise of Scotia's gifted child of song. To-night mine is a different theme. I shall say but a word of the "land of cakes," and barely allude to the darling treasure entrusted to its care. I shall not attempt to follow Tam O'Shanter in his weird ride through "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," shall leave the happy "Cotter," with his prattling infant on his knee, and the youngling cottagers to the first sweet dreams of night.

"Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes
And fondly broods with miser care—
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

(Applause.)

So I bid adieu to the "banks and braes" of "bonnie Scotland" to speak to the toast that has been assigned to me.

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Mr. Chairman, what a crowd of thoughts cluster around those two words, "Our Country." The crowded city, the populous town, the quiet village, the majestic river, the broad prairie, the mirror-surfaced lake, the cloud capped mountain, and the roaring cataract, all are embraced within the meaning of those two words "Our Country."

In 1776, the Declaration of Independence, the birth-year of our nation—in 1783, our independence acknowledged by Great Britain and all the powers of Europe, at which time we had but thirteen states and only three million of inhabitants; but to-day we have thirty-seven states, and nearly thirty-five millions of people, and all this has been accomplished within less than one century, and its prosperity and wealth founded on Agriculture, Commerce and free Education, (applause)—a result, which for the grandeur of its achievements has no parallel in the history of the world. (Applause.)

Look, Mr. Chairman, for a moment at the geographical position of our country. With one arm she grasps the golden regions of the far off Pacific, whose waters quench the last beam of our setting sun, while the other encircles the billowy Atlantic as it breaks upon our eastern shores. Who would "curtail it in its fair proportions," and what American citizen, within whose bosom there beats a heart alive to the kindlings of patriotism, that does not rejoice that its foundations were laid by patriot hands, deep and strong in the imperishable cement of ages. (Applause.)

Our country is indeed marching onward, with rapid strides, to a great destiny. Glance, sir, at the magnificent network of railroads that stretches out all over our broad domain, while our electric telegraphs send, with lightning speed, their messages into every town and village in our land. The grandeur and greatness of our country is typified in its lofty old mountains, its unpruned forests, and its boundless prairies; it is proclaimed in the mighty thunders of Niagara and the roar of the Mississippi; the delver in the mines of distant California sings its praise, and the fair maiden in the woodman's hut prolongs the melodious strain.

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It is echoed by the billows that break upon the shores of our inland seas, and whispered by the rippling of the brooks. (Applause.)

Our country is great in art and arms, in science, literature and song. What other land is so famous for its noble charitable institutions, for its beautiful halls of learning, and for its free, unshackled press, that mighty lever of power, the dread of the venal and the corrupt, but the impenetrable shield of patriotism and moral worth. (Applause).

In science, high upon the scroll of fame are inscribed the great names of Franklin, Fulton and Morse; and in the domain of letters we find the no less brilliant ones of Prescott and Irving, Bryant and Longfellow. And the learned profession, that in the past could boast of a Mason, a Webster, and a Pettigrew, is now honored and ennobled by the wisdom and logic of an O'Connor, the erudition of an Evarts, and the eloquence and genius of a Brady. (Applause.)

Where can you find better or braver soldiers than our country has produced? When the Constitution and the Union were assailed by misguided men, and the magnificent temple of American freedom was rocked by the storm and tempest of war, and the cry for help! help! reached the ears of our soldiers, most nobly did they respond to the call, and stood like a "wall of fire" around the great edifice of constitutional liberty (applause); and to-day the names of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are pre-eminently grand, massive and conspicuous.

Our navy now is, and ever has been, a brilliant galaxy of stars. Are not the names of Hull, Decatur and Lawrence the synonym of all that's brave, manly, and patriotic? While Farragut, Foote and Porter have written their names in brilliant characters upon fame's everlasting hill (applause). More than half a century ago the United States contested for the supremacy of the seas with the greatest maratime power in the world; and though we were not always the victors, still, generally speaking, the meteor flag of proud old Albion went down before the starry banner of the young republic (applause).

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The ladies, sir, are embraced within the compass of my toast. I shall, however, say but a word of our fair country-women, as one of the most eloquent gentlemen present will speak in their behalf. But I should be wanting in the gallantry of modern times, did I not thank them for their presence this evening, and add that their sweet smiles and "winning endearments" have sent a thrill of pleasure to my heart that will be remembered by me till the "flood-gates of life are closed in eternal rest" (applause).

In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, our country is the dearest object of our affections. To guard its honor, to preserve its laws, to maintain its freedom, and to bear onward and upward its banner should be our highest ambition—that flag that was borne amid the carnage and the roar of our revolutionary battles, that has since been baptized in the blood of the bravest and best of our land, and in the language of one of our patriotic poets to-day

"The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground·
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land, as ocean, free,
And plants an empire in the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of Liberty!"—(Applause.)

"Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!"—(Applause.)

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MR. FIELD. The sixth toast, following next after that to *our* country, honors the country of Burns,

6. "The Land o' Cakes."

"As in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polished grace."—BURNS.

Music.—SCOTLAND YET.

Which will be responded to by Mr. Samuel G. Courtney, United States District Attorney for this district.

MR. COURTNEY said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been, and still am, at a loss to conjecture, why I, on both sides of the house, an Irishman, should have been selected to respond, on this occasion, to the toast just offered. If the sentiment had been "Ireland, the land of potatoes," I should have been able to have done better justice to such a toast, than to that of "Scotland, the land o' cakes!"

I have been reflecting on the subject, and I have arrived at the conclusion, that this honor was accorded to me on the theory, that as your neighbor is supposed to know more about your affairs than you do yourself, and that as Ireland is the next door neighbor of Scotland, I was presumed to know much more about her affairs, her customs, and her history than the "canniest Scotchman" within the sound of my voice. Though I see around this festive board, this aggregation of beauty and intellect—gathered to night to honor the anniversary of the natal day of Robert Burns—him,

"The chief of bards, that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry."

many native to Scotland, and "to the manor born," more capable of doing justice to the theme, yet, Mr. President,

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having been selected to respond to this sentiment, I can not and will not decline the invitation.

Scotland—the name calls up historic recollections—the very sound is inspiriting. Her history is replete with brilliant illustrations, and exemplars of honor, heroism, patriotism and genius. If we look for historians and writers, where can we find them, in all the elements of greatness, more numerous than in Scotland. She claims the nativity of Hume, Boswell (whose life of Johnson has been described by Lord Macauley to be the most remarkable book in the English language), Sir Archibald Alison, author of the History of Europe, is regarded as a Scotchman, though born, I believe, in England, Robertson, author of the life of Charles Fifth, Struthers, John Hill and McKenzie.

Do we seek for teachers of high philosophy, Scotland furnishes the most renowned. To her belongs the honor of being the birth-place of Hetherington, Cunningham, McRae, Sir David Brewster, Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Reid, the Playfairs, Dugald Stewart (the great preceptor of Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell), Dr. Thomas Brown, Carlyle, the essayist and biographer of Frederic the Great, and editor of Cromwell's Letters.

Where can true patriotism better be illustrated—what higher and nobler examples of love of country does the world furnish than we find in the history of Scotland? In the career and character of her Bruce and her Wallace, every true element of patriotism is portrayed, and would to God that

"The patriotic tide,
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart"—

found an inlet into the hearts of many of our own countrymen. The fields of Culloden and of Bannockburn stand out in historic page in bold relief, where the young and the old, the peer and the peasant, vied with each other in exhibitions of love of country. And here, ladies and gentlemen, while talking about Bannockburn, let me relate to you an incident, which shows not only the patriotism of the Scotch, but the spirit in which is resented any slur upon Scotland.

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We all know that there are a great many people of all nationalities, who believe that their own country is better and greater in every respect, than any other, and who take almost every opportunity to express themselves freely on this point. The Americans and the English, I believe, excel all others in this respect. There was an Englishman visiting Scotland. Nothing there suited him; he found fault with everything and everybody, and a Scotchman hearing him complaining, among other things, that he was unable to *sleep* in Scotland remarked, "Hout awa mon! dinna you go so fast. There is a wee place yonder ca'd Bannockburn, and thirty thousand of ye, I guess, have *slept* there for mony a long day." The spirit of this reply can only be equalled by the patriotic impulse that inspired it.

Prince Charles, at the battle of Culloden, may or may not, according to different tastes, be called a patriot; but who can doubt the patriotism of the Scottish peasant girl, who watched over the fallen Prince, as he slept after the contest, which extinguished forever the hopes of the Stuarts? When the Prince was introduced to the girl, he looked at her solemnly—he was too sad to smile—but there was upon his noble face the look of a man who still felt that, in the mournful changes of his fortune, all human sympathy had not abandoned him.

No lapse of time—"no ties that stretch beyond the deep"—have extinguished this patriotism. To-day, in our midst, the love of country, which was instilled into a Scothman on his native heath, is found burning, bright and pure, for the land of his adoption.

In the recent war for the Union, no truer patriots were found than our Scotch citizens. They believed in maintaining the integrity of the Union! No better or braver soldiers entered the field than those belonging to the Scotch regiments. Each fought for his country! and like Lochiel, each swore that he

> "Should victor exult, or in death be laid low,
> With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe,
> And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
> Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

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If we desire to find painters, Scotland has furnished Wilson, Wilkie, Sir James W. Gordon, Noel Paton and the Faeds; and of men who have done much for the cause of freedom and for the improvement of the condition of the Scottish working men, we need only to allude to the brothers William and Robert Chambers. They have written and published many volumes for the instruction and amusement of their fellow countrymen.

Let us for a moment, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, enter into the realm of literature, poetry and fiction, and see what, in this respect, Scotland has produced. She claims the honor of the birthplace of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, of Sir Walter Scott—whose poetry and whose Waverly novels are read wherever Christianity and intelligence have traveled—of Allen Ramsay, Ferguson, Wilson, Campbell —whose "Gertrude of Wyoming," and whose "Pleasures of Hope," mark him as

> "One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die,"

of Alexander Smith, Alexander Wilson, author of "Watty and Meg," and of a remarkable work on American Ornithology.

Is not this a record of which any country might well feel proud?

But this record is not complete. A greater, nobler, and more enduring honor belongs to Scotland. If there were nothing else to make her famous, the fact that Robert Burns was her favorite child, alone would procure the distinction. In his clay-built cot he courted the willing muse. By her he was entranced. She "bound the holly round his head.' She showed him

> "All forms
> Of fairy light and wizard gloom,
> The Genii of the floods and storms,
> And martial shades from Glory's tomb."

United to the muses, how eloquently he depicted the nobler passions of the soul!

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"Love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its extacies!"

How he inspired his countrymen, the peasantry, with true pride and genuine patriotism, and made them appreciate the "inborn worth of man." How famous he made Scotland through his majestic verse, in describing "her banks and braes" and her rivers, her mountains and her valleys, her woods and waterfalls.

But I must close. Other speakers will discuss the genius, greatness and glory of the rustic Bard.

And now, Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen, as to-night, we are all Scotchmen and Scotchwomen, "lads and lassies," let me ask each one of you, to unite with me in true heartfelt feeling and sincerity, while I repeat from that unequalled production,—"The Cotter's Saturday Night"—that sublimity of poetry and patriotism,

"Oh! Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with peace, and health and sweet content.
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile,
Then howe'er crown and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand, a wall of fire, around thy much loved isle."

MR. FIELD. The seventh toast is to

7. Minstrelsy.

Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.—BURNS.

Who of all the land should respond to this, but our greatest minstrel, William Cullen Bryant.

(The audience then rose to their feet and received the venerable Poet amid loud cheers, clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, and the wildest demonstrations of love and joy.)

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MR. BRYANT said :

"I am called up to respond to a toast in honor of the poets. I hope that none who are present—especially the ladies, whose presence I am glad to see graces this festival —will say to themselves, 'This is much as if a toast to the musical composers of the age were to be answered by an organ grinder ; or a toast in honor of our gallant navy were to be acknowledged with thanks by a cabin-boy, or the personage called a powder monkey.' I beg the company not to let their minds wander after such fancies, but to consider that I must obey the president, the supreme authority of the evening, and do the best I can.

"And, certainly, I must be proud of being required to speak in the name of so vast a brotherhood, the poets of the age in which we live—not those of our own country merely —several of whom are favorites wherever our language is spoken, but those of the whole world, the poets of the British isles, those who warble in Dutch or German ; the weavers of verse in soft Italian and in grandiloquent Spanish ; the bards of Scandinavia and Russia, to say nothing of those of Persia and India. I wonder how they would look if they could be all brought together, with their 'eyes in fine frenzy rolling,' and some of their number, I fear, sadly out at elbows. What would the denizens of Wall street think of them if they were marched in procession through that quarter of the city? If an army of stockjobbers could be mustered, and another of Bedlamites and a third of poets, to which of the other two would the troop of poets seem, by their demeanor, to be most nearly related? To that question, I fear, I could not give an impartial answer.

"It is most fitting that the poets of the present time should be remembered when we celebrate the memory of Burns, for there are none among them who belong to English literature, or are acquainted with the English language, who will not confess their great obligations to the Scottish poet. Burns was one of those who, in an age of formalism in poetry, of cold and feeble imitation and parrot-like repetition, first led the way back to truth and nature ; and those

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who have come after him have followed in his path. He taught the poet to gather his images from nature at first hand; to discern fresh analogies between the moral and natural world, and to clothe strong emotions in unborrowed words, which carried them directly to the heart.

"Mr. President: They who make the sciences their pursuit have one great advantage over those who devote themselves to what are called the fine arts, including poetry. The mathematician builds upon the foundation of those who went before him, and carries his science further than they. The latest great astronomer sweeps the sky with his telescope, discovers new planets, explores new regions of the universe, and eclipses the glory of his predecessors. Franklin's discoveries in electricity threw those of preceding philosophers into the shade, and now the inventor of the electric telegraph leaves Franklin at a distance behind him. But it is not so with the fine arts. After a certain height of excellence has been reached the genius of man can go no further. The noble remains of Greek statuary are the admiration and envy of modern sculptors. Who builds now like the Parthenon? What architect of modern times can hope to excel, or even to rival, in his structures the grand old masters of the middle ages, which we look upon with awe? There is no epic poem which the critics place beside the great work of Homer. Who will ever write like Shakspeare? It is almost impossible, I think, for a poet of the present day to read over one of the finest things of Burns without despairing to equal it, and without saying, as he lays it down, 'this is unapproachable.'

"But there is one consolation for the poets of the present age, particularly for those who write in the English language. If they cannot surpass their predecessors in the beauty or nobleness of their productions, in their power to awaken the imagination or to move the heart, they at least write for a far more numerous circle of readers than those of former days could possibly have in the time when they flourished. The wider diffusion of education has greatly multiplied the number of those who read verse, and as that noble and flex-

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ible form of human speech, the English tongue, goes forth in its course of triumphs, occupying what were once vacant solitudes, overspreading them as an inundation overspreads a valley, and encroaching in other regions on the domain of less fortunate languages, the verses of the popular poet go with it to be the delight of innumerable households. He finds millions of readers where the earlier poets might have found only thousands, and enjoys in his lifetime the fame which they could only hope from posterity. Let us, then, have a good word for the readers of poetry, without whom the artificer of verse, however great his genius, is like a stranded whale. The Readers of Poetry—long life to them, and large increase of numbers."

MR. FIELD. The eighth toast is

8. Auld Lang Syne.

"And here's a hand my trusted frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine."—BURNS.
Song—AULD LANG SYNE.

Of the songs upon the lips of our people, none is more frequent or more touching. It will be first sung by Mr. McDonnell and then a response will come from Horace Greeley, whose name is itself, an introduction.

Song: "AULD LANG SYNE," by MR. HOWARD ELLIS.

MR. GREELEY said:

If youth has its bright anticipations, its fond though fleeting illusions, its sanguine hopes, we who confess that we have entered upon the downhill of life may claim our full share of the sober pleasures, the serener joys, of retrospection. If the future, with its boundless possibilities, belongs to our juniors, we are at least equal sharers in the mighty heritage of the past. How vast that heritage is—how immeasurable the debt of the generation that is and the generations that shall be to the generations that have been—

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I may not here attempt to show; yet we cannot doubt that the English of to-day are a nobler and wiser people than they would have been without their Shakspeare; while the naked, misty crags of Scotland are gilded and her sullen skies irradiated by the genius of her Burns. Young as our own country is, and prone to glory in her limitless area, her mighty rivers, her immense natural resources, I feel that she owes her place among the nations, with her hopes of future growth and perpetuity, not more to these physical advantages than to the patriotic sagacity, the philanthropic statesmanship of her Franklin, the peerless services, the undying renown, of her Washington.

May we not hope that the recollection of common efforts, sacrifices, perils, achievements, in the remoter past, will operate to efface from the minds of our late belligerents the bitterness engendered by our recent strife—that memories of *auld lang syne* will be successfully invoked to soften the exultation of the victors, the chagrin of the vanquished—and that around the hallowed tomb of Mount Vernon, which has of late so often trembled to the shock of battle and the roar of cannon, the remembrance of a common ancestry and of common glories may awaken and invigorate the sentiment of a common Nationality? Nay, more: let us hope that across the graves of our revolutionary patriots and soldiers—of Patrick Henry, of Daniel Morgan, and of John Marshall—hands lately raised against each other in bloody conflict may be clasped once more in fraternal concord, and that a nobler, truer, closer union may spring from the rekindled memories of a heroic and inspiring past.

Mr. Field. The ninth toast is

9. The Scotch Jurist.

> "In musing mood,
> An aged judge—I saw him move
> Dispensing good."—Burns.

Those of us who are lawyers, know how distinguished the jurists of Scotland have ever been; those who are not law-

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yers have learned much of them from Scott's novels. The toast will be responded to by a gentleman who bears a name distinguished in the legal annals of this State, Mr. Justice Jones, of our Superior Court.

JUDGE JONES said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The toast just given calls to mind the names of many distinguished jurists of Scottish birth. Among them are some known only within the circle of the Scottish Bar, others whose reputation is confined to the territorial limits of the land of their birth, others again whose names are more widely known, while some are world renowned. A review of the life, services and peculiar characteristics of each jurist of distinction would not be appropriate to this occasion, even if time permitted; nor can we pause to enlarge even on those who stand pre-eminent among the many great minds now to be grouped together. Let us then summon the shades of departed greatness and pay such tribute to their memories as the opportunity affords; and if any be omitted to be mentioned, let it be attributed not to forgetfulness, but to a sense of the impossibility of at present depicting them as they merit. Here answer: Sir James Balfour, Lord Harcarse, Lord Kames, Alexander Hume, John Miller, McVey Napier, Sir Francis Grant and Forbes. Here also is George Chalmers, who came to America, was opposed in a legal forum to that great, eloquent and accomplished lawyer, Patrick Henry—was by him vanquished, and was finally obliged by reason of his royalist tendency to return to his native land. Here also, is Sir Wm. Grant, so talented and intellectual that when almost friendless and briefless, he argued before Lord Chancellor Thurlow an appeal from the Scotch Court of Sessions to the House of Lords, the legal talent and force evinced by his argument called forth the highest approbation from that stern Judge, expressed in the language: "Be not surprised, if that young man should one day occupy this seat." Here also are Sir

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Richard Maitland and his son, who were Lords of the Court of Sessions at the same time; the one as ordinary, the other as extraordinary Lord.

Whom do we now behold? It is Robert Blair, President of the Sessions, of whom, on an occasion when he had by a few short, clear sentences, overturned a whole mass of sophistries constructed by the ingenious brain of Lord Eldin with great labor, that barrister (himself one of the greatest lawyers Scotland ever produced), after ruminating a few moments in silence over his discomfiture, muttered, "My man, God Almighty spared nae pains when he made you brains."

There is Thomas Craig, who wrote a learned treatise on feudal law, and who tried a deputy sheriff and a priest for having kept the gate of Holyrood house to facilitate the assassination of Rizzio.

The Dalrymples now claim attention. James Dalrymple was appointed, in the Cromwellian period, one of the commission for the administration of justice. When Charles II. resumed sway, he was again appointed by him. He possessed that eminent characteristic of a Scottish legal mind, of stern fidelity to the principles of law which as a magistrate he was bound to support, and was impelled thereby to resign his position, rather than take the oath abjuring the right to take up arms against the king. In such high estimation was he held that he was re-appointed on his merely expressing a strong disapprobation of offering resistance to the king, and was afterwards advanced to the Presidency of the court. Again did he resign, rather than take a proposed test oath. Afterwards, in the reign of William and Mary he was re-appointed President. He wrote the Institutions of the law of Scotland, the grand text book of a Scotch lawyer. David Dalrymple was Lord of Sessions and also of the Justiciary, a criminal court, in which capacity it was necessary for him to pass sentence of death, which he did in a strain so pious and pathetic as often to overwhelm in a flood of tears the promiscuous multitudes that are wont to be assembled on such occasions. In the discharge of this duty he was unsurpassed.

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Yonder is a judicial family—great grand-father, grand-father, father and son—all members of the highest court of Scotland, except the great grand-son, who was Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

To the son is due the credit of having broken up the habit that had been fallen into of restricting the jury in criminal cases to a verdict of "proven," or "not proven," and of having restored the right of the jury to render in such cases a general verdict of "guilty," or "not guilty."

All hail to the two Erksines:—Henry and Thomas.

Henry, the Horace of the Scottish Bar, ever kind and friendly to the poor and unfortunate, ever ready without fee or reward to do manful battle in behalf of the poor and friendless against wrong or oppression by the rich and powerful. And this too with as much zeal, and as untiring industry, as if he expected to reap a golden harvest of worldly goods or high preferment.

This his character, and its universal recognition, cannot be better illustrated than by the answer given by a peasant in the remotest part of Scotland to one who was endeavoring to prevent him from embarking in litigation, urging that he was poor, while his antagonist was rich and powerful and that the litigation would be expensive, he said: "Ye dinna ken what you are saying man, there's nae puir body in all Scotland need to want a friend or fear an enemy sae lang as Harry Erskine lives."

Let us approach the great master of forensic eloquence, as well as profound lawyer, Thomas Erskine:—In early life he served in both the army and the navy, but afterwards filled the high position of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, the highest position in the kingdom, save that of the monarch. What a transition! From the arena of the sword to the arena of the pen.

A few of the instances in his brief and eventful life are well worth here recording, as showing his style of oratory, his abhorrence of wrong and oppression, his fearlessness in attacking it, and his mode of attack. Time however suffices for the mention of but one. His defence of Lord George

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Gordon has been selected as being the most remarkable of his efforts :—Lord George while proceeding to present a petition was attacked by a mob; for a time confusion prevailed and law and order were set at defiance. Lord George was tried for inciting the riot. Erskine after commenting on the evidence and the acts and conduct of Gordon during the riot with that consummate tact, skill, eloquence and force which he alone possessed, suddenly exclaimed; "I say, By God, that man is a ruffian who shall after this presume to build on such honest, artless conduct as an evidence of guilt!"

The exclamation as it falls from my lips is weak and powerless. What then must have been the eloquence which stole into the hearts of the audience, captivating their affections and reason, placing them *en rapport* with him and fitting them to receive the exclamation? What the enthusiasm, the mien, the gesture, the tone of voice and flashing of eye which caused this exclamation to spell-bind, as we are informed it did, the audience, jury and court; to secure a verdict, and deal a death blow to that monster, the doctrine of constructive treason!

But let us pass on. Here is Francis Jeffrey, one of the coterie which founded the celebrated *Edinburgh Review*, and who was for a long time its chief editor. In his time trial by jury in civil actions was introduced into the Scottish law, and Jeffrey, by the versatility of his powers, variety of his knowledge and ready command of every kind of oratory became the first great jury lawyer in civil cases that Scotland produced; business and wealth poured in on him and finally he was made Lord of the Court of Sessions. There is an incident in his life connected with him whose natal day we now celebrate. One day his notice was arrested by a plain, country looking man, in whose appearance there was nothing remarkable but a pair of large, dark eyes, which when animated were wont to glow from their deep recesses like lighted charcoal. Jeffrey seemed to have discovered that no ordinary merit was thus passing before his view and he continued to gaze after the stranger until aroused by a tap on the shoul-

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der and a friendly voice, saying, "Aye, leddie, ye may weel look at that man,—that's Robert Burns."

Sir James MacIntosh now looms up. He was Chief Judge in India, and administered justice with uprightness, tempering the severity of the law by mingling, when possible, some drops of mercy in the cup of bitterness which duty to his country and society compelled him to administer.

What group of giant intellects is that which now rivets our attention by its corruscations of genius? Longborough, Campbell, and Brougham, clustering around the form of Mansfield, the justly celebrated and ever to be remembered jurist, whose reputation though severely tried in the crucible of the invective Junius has survived that test, and to this day stands as the greatest judicial mind that ever adorned the English common law bench. But all these great minds have one by one passed away. As when a noble vessel sinks in mid-ocean, the waters close over her and there is nothing to mark the spot save a ripple which expands in concentric circles, becoming weaker and weaker until it also vanishes from view and leaves the bosom of the sea undisturbed for the advent of other vessels; so the waters of busy life have closed over these eminent men, and the influence which during life they exerted in the several paths they trod has become weaker and weaker with each succeeding generation, and the process will continue until, like the ripple, it fades from memory. But the broad expanse of human life and action remains open for other minds. Obedient to the dictates of nature's law of constant, ever recurring reproduction, as the waters close over one another is dimly seen in the spray.

Cockburn, McNiel, and Inglis, at the present hour attract the attention of their cotemporaries. They too will pass away, others will arise, and he who responds to this toast half a century hence will doubtless call attention to a long line of illustrious names yet to become celebrated.

Let peace rest upon the ashes of those departed; continued prosperity and honor, increase in knowledge, and power of intellect be the portion of those still living.

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MR. FIELD. The next toast is to

10. Woman.

"The joy of joys,"—BURNS.
"All Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O."—BURNS.

It is fitting that at such a banquet as this, where woman takes her proper place at the table, and joins in the celebration, her presence should be especially honored and commemorated. The response will be made by the Rev. Dr. Chapin, a gentleman whose eloquence is known to all.

DR. CHAPIN said:

Mr. President:

I hardly know why you should call upon me to speak for Woman—who certainly is so well able to speak for herself. At least, under the present circumstance, to make addresses upon the subject of the sentiment just offered, is almost as embarrassing as it is to *pay* them. It is a subject which may be condensed into an epigram, or expanded into a volume. Your ten minutes' rule wisely forbids any dissertations, luminous or voluminous. And I shall not try to construct an epigram, which, if satirical, might be unjust, and, if complimentary, would be superfluous. Permit me, therefore, just to express my opinion that you could have honored the memory, the genius, the very heart and personality of Burns, in no more fitting way than by crowning this banquet with the presence of womanhood.

Burns said himself that his "heart was completely tinder, and eternally lighted up by one goddess or other," and he adds, what I suppose almost anybody who has experienced the ordinary lot of mortal man could say—that "sometimes he was received with favor and sometimes mortified by a repulse." In other words, Burns, though not the author, was the subject of "*rejected* addresses." But while, here

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and there, a wild and discordant note may have broken into his song, while he used his wonderful gift of poetic insight to expose, with terrible severity, the greed, the vanity, the pretension, the hollow-heartedness which, it must be confessed, he found among the characteristics of some of the women of *his* day, we all know that the quickest pulse in that great, rich, sympathetic nature, vibrated with love, with friendship, with sacred esteem for woman.

The influence of woman is to be traced among the profoundest elements of his life. While as a lover-poet, whose genius had been kindled by a live coal from the altar, we cannot, of course, trace his peculiar gift to any human origin; and while, moreover, it has been asserted that he presents an instance contrary to the usual doctrine, that the abilities of great men are derived from the maternal side, it being affirmed that the talents of Burns, so far as they were derived at all, were, together with his temperament, inherited from his father, the original of the patriarch in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," who can doubt that the songs his *mother* sung—the sweet old ballads that fell from her tuneful lips, helped to touch the chords that nature strung in his heart, and to awaken the music that was born in his soul? How much of this poetic power was aroused, too, by "the legendary lore" of Betty Davidson? And his first love, the love of Nelly Kilpatrick, appears to have inspired his first song. But why dwell upon this all-pervading characteristic of one whose songs are so universally known and quoted—of one who glorified with a pure and simple love the image of his "Bonny Nannie, O;" of "Mary Morrison;" of her who was the heroine of his checkered and battling life, his own Jean Armour; and who wrote those lines that breathe into our souls the tenderness and purity, the solemn, uplifting, tearful influences of the far-off planet-lighted sky, the lines to "Mary in Heaven." I say, therefore, appropriately have you recognized here, not only the name and genius, but the characteristic sentiment, the heart-sprung inspiration of Burns, and have practically said:—"What signifies the memorial honor? what signifies the feast?" as he said,

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"What signifies the life of man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?"

And now, what is the practical point contained in this suggestion? Purposely avoiding all the exciting discussions of the time, I may assert that which, I am thankful to say, requires no discussion—that which is ever to be welcomed as a glorious common-place—that, as with Burns, so with mankind at large—so in the field of the world's work and need—the true power of woman is the resistless power of the *affections*. In asserting this, am I attempting to mask the great questions of our day with "a glittering generality?" Am I disposed to deny any lawful claim which woman may make for a more extensive recognition of her rights, or a larger field for her powers? No; I am not doing any such thing. Let woman do whatever her faculties can achieve—let her go wherever her instincts demand—if she truly follows her instincts, I am sure she will not go wrong. I am sure of this, also, that wherever man may lawfully go, woman may lawfully go. Wherever woman ought not to be, it is a shame for man, it is a shame for humanity to be. I merely insist upon this, that whatever woman may accomplish in the world, with brain or hands, will draw its vital efficacy, its talismanic virtue, from the heart; and that her strength, in all these various shapes of action and of influence, in its root and essence, will be the strength of the affections. The hiding of woman's power must ever be in the fervor and steadfastness of her love. And her most triumphant characteristic is love, culminating in its highest expression—that of *self-sacrifice*. A thoughtful writer has observed the contrast between the sexes even in their play. "The boy," he says, "gets together wooden horses and a troop of tin soldiers and works *with* them. The girl takes a doll and works *for* it." That is woman's great peculiarity—the work of self-sacrifice—working *for* others.

The bare statement of instances illustrating this trait, would far overrun the limits of these remarks. Those which most readily and vividly occur to the mind are per-

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petuated in the sad, sublime records of our recent war. It is not necessary that I should repeat that world renowned story of her who, in that season of the nation's agony, threw aside the shields of her physical weakness, and all the conventional immunities of her sex, and hastened to join her needed help to the help of man—an army of mercy following in the wake of the battle-storm—lifting the fainting head and moistening the fevered lips, and gloryifying the wards of the hospital with all that is healing, consoling, and purifying in the presence and the ministrations of woman.

These are occasions which live in remembrance and in fame; triumphs of woman's power by the strength of her affections. But there are other instances, hidden from our sight, belonging to the unrecorded heroisms of the world, unfolded among humble and coarse conditions, which are, nevertheless, transfigured by the spirit of love and sacrifice. Let me, for a moment, lead your thoughts away from this brilliant scene to some poor home, where woman rises to take up the task that has fallen from the feeble and faithless hands of the husband and the father. While he is somewhere, propped up against a wall, like a dilapidated tavern-sign, or crooked over the gaming table, like a genteel hyena, she gathers the meat for her houshold and strives that her dependant babes may not die of want. See how well ordered is every part of the humble home, where the brave heart beats so courageously under all its woes, and the diligent hand toils from dawn far into the night. See how the toil of the mother has procured shelter, and food, and fuel. And when the children go on their way to school, or to their seats in church, in clothing homely but clean, every patch set by those aching fingers, every thread sewed under those aching eyes, why, I think that it is like the sailing forth of a gallant fleet that proclaims her heroic resolution and executive power. And when those boys and girls go forth into the world, trained by a mother's love to become honest men and virtuous women, to speak her praises wherever they go, surely, Cornelia's jewels did not constitute so rich a trophy as do these tokens of that poor woman's faithfulness.

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However wide and varied woman's dominion in this world may become, by virtue of this great power of ministering, self-sacrificing love, she will be the keystone of that institution which is the oldest, the most permanent, which is the foundation of all the social structure. We may rest assured that nothing in Christian civilization will cancel this, upon which all civilization is built. In the progress of humanity, vast changes may occur in the social conditions of our race. Titles and offices now highly regarded may be abolished, sharp distinctions may be obliterated, new powers and dignities may emerge. Even the lines of nationality, the boundaries of great empires, may dissolve in one broad realm of human brotherhood. But never will the light of home, as the light of a fixed star, fail to shine upon the destiny of man. Never will the unfledged faculties of humanity lack this sheltering nest, or the excursive mind, the wild, wandering, passionate heart of genius like that of Burns, cease to turn toward it as its succor and support. Queenly crowns may be laid aside, the tiara of fashion may sparkle and change from epoch to epoch, but the names of *Wife* and *Mother* will be as fresh, as tender, as revered, in the world's gray age as in its primeval morning.

Mr. Field. The eleventh toast is to

11. Halloween. A Poem.

"Some merry friendly cuntra folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nits and pour their stocks
And haud their Halloween.
Fu' blythe that night."

Mr. Andrew McKinley will respond by a poem.

Mr. McKinley spoke the following poem :

'Midst the hills of West Scotland on fair Halloween,
Foul witches, mad devils, and gay fairies, I ween,
By spells and enchantments o'er the peasantry weave
Such webs of strange fancies we can scarcely conceive.
At the hour of midnight, 'mong the rocks and the streams,

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In bevies and couples, 'neath Urania's pale beams
Meet laddies and lassies, all who covet those arts
Which bring union of hands if not union of hearts.
Hand in hand, with eyes shut, first each plucks plant of kail,
And as is each plant, such each mate without fail;
Whether little or big, straight or crooked in shape,
Each will get an Adonis or wed with an ape.
If good luck befalls, and earth sticks to the root,
Such not only get married, but fortune to boot.
If on tasting, the heart of the stem shall prove sweet,
In the sweetheart of such, all the virtues will meet.
Then by placing the stems or runts over the door,
First names of first comers will be names to adore.

But the burning of nuts is a more famous charm,
Will you try it young lassie, 'twill do you no harm?
For yourself name a nut, one for the lad you admire;
Then together you lay them quite close on the fire;
If they nestle more closely, to each other turn,
While the fire grows hotter and fiercer may burn—
I see you have tried it—there's no longer a trace
Of anxiety or care on your beautiful face.
It is not so with all, as our Poet shall tell
What, in trying her fortune, sly Jean befell:

"Jean slips in twa wi tentie e'e,
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is Jock and this is me
She says in to hersel.
He bleez'd owre her and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part,
'Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
An Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night."

Steal alone to the kiln and throw into the pot,
A clue of blue yarn and you will soon learn your lot:
As you wind off the clue on a new one, we're told
The person you'll marry, will the other end hold.
Who holds? comes the answer from below or above?
From the kiln-pot, you will hear the name of your love.

Take a candle, alone to a looking-glass go,
Eat an apple before it,—I know this is so,—
Comb your hair all the time as you look in the glass,
And over your shoulder you will see your love pass.

To the barn you must go, unperceived and alone,
But no error commit or your life may atone;

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Are your nerves at all shaky when danger impends?
Then as soon as you get there, run back to your friends.
But if you're courageous, from their hinges you take
Both doors, and all other preparations you make;
With the wecht you now winnow the corn 'gainst the wind,
Taking care all the while that you look not behind;
Hist! what now do you hear? it is only the moan
Of the wind as it passes, but how like a groan!
You recover yourself as the air fans your brow,
Still you wish if it's coming it would come just now;
A second attempt,—and, as no phantom appears,—
You don't care a straw, but you laugh at your fears.
A third time you try it,—for you wish your task o'er,—
St. Andrew! what is it that appears in the door?
From the windward it comes and approaches so slow,
That it gives you full time all its features to know;
And tho' chill'd is your blood and tho' frozen your brain,
When you see you will know face and figure again,
And have cause to rejoice that you ever were born,
Since you went out on that night to winnow the corn.

To-night thou art with us, tho' to mortals unseen,
So we thank thee, dear Burns, for thy bright Halloween;
Thy chaplet of laurels we with flowers entwine;
In memoriam drink in the rosiest wine.

MR. FIELD. The next toast is to

12. The Cotter's Saturday Night.

"The short but simple annals of the poor."

the most elaborate of Burns' poems, which speaks not only to every Scottish heart, but to every heart moved by simplicity, tenderness, and beauty in verse. This will be responded to by Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan.

MR. SULLIVAN said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

One name occupies our thoughts to-night. We came to pay homage to it, and certainly, many of the chaplets woven in this commemorative hour, possess a fitting beauty for a place on the poets shrine. The passing incidents of this festival have been so animating, and suggestive on the one

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theme, that it has absorbed all others, and at one moment, to my excited fancy, the stir of these guests was hushed, and out of the stillness of night, it seemed as if could be heard the rustling of the invisible wings of Burns' muse. In such a mood, I look around, and ask you to turn your eyes whither I now point my finger, to yonder wall. Is it not easy to dream, that from out that frame look down on us the living, beaming eyes of Burns? The painter's and engraver's arts have done all they can, to give us his likeness, and our kindling imaginations almost make it glow with life. Hail! and welcome to thee, peasant bard! If there were naught else from thy matchless pen, no tribute were too great for that wealth of poesie, that picturesque beauty of verse, that tenderness of sympathy, that power to open the fountain of hallowed memories in every breast, which we find in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Yielding ourselves to the potent spell, and to the witcheries of thy dream picture, of the hours of thine own childhood around the hearthstone, our hearts wander from this room through "the dark postern of time long elapsed," and each for ourselves, by the side of a much loved father and mother, kneel once more as thou didst, in family worship around the ever blessed family altar. Yea, in sympathy with the spirit of thy song of dear memories, there echoes even now, through every chamber of our throbbing hearts, from homes far distant, and mayhap, humble like thine, the pious vesper prayers of sainted parents.

Ladies and Gentlemen—whoever truly knows how the chords which were struck in Burns' soul at the contemplation of his father's piety, vibrated through all his poetic reveries, will not think my allusions out of place. In his own vivid style he embodied and crystallized in the verses named as my toast, the sentiment of all that is holiest and tenderest in the idea of home, so that the reader is translated to childhood, and feels again on his brow the pressure of his father's hand, as he invokes upon him "God's blessing." Having done this, he has become more than a poet; he is as well the loving brother of all mankind.

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MR. FIELD. The next toast is to

13. The Press.

"A chiel amang you takin notes,
And faith he'll prent 'em."—BURNS.

An agency of great power in Burns' time, greater now, and destined to be still greater hereafter. The response will be made by one of the most eminent of our journalists, Mr. Erastus Brooks, of the *Express*.

MR. BROOKS said:

Mr. President:

To add words to what has been so well expressed by so many gentlemen eminent upon the Bench, at the Bar, in the Pulpit and in the Press, is the folly of attempting to gild refined gold, painting the lilly or adding perfume to the violet. But your peremptory command to speak for THE PRESS seems to make obedience necessary, and I therefore answer to your call, though you, in your programme, have left the speaker nameless,—perhaps that from so many of its representatives here present you might make your choice of one or more to answer for the occasion; or perhaps, since it is the province of the Press rather to print than to speak, rather to be the voice of others than its own trumpeter, you have allowed the blank, like a white sheet of paper, to be filled as the imagination and taste of hearers might elect. Whatever the motive, all honor to the day and the occasion. It is becoming that the birthday of Burns should be graced by the presence of ladies, and he who inspired their presence to-night deserves the thanks of all who honor the sex whom Burns so much loved and in his heart so much respected. Once he tells us, in literally *burning words* of prose that his heart was completely *tinder and eternally lighted up some 'goddess or other*,—and again, speaking of his best beloved, he adds:—"The tones of her voice made my heart strings

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thrill like the notes of an æolian harp, and my heart beat a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle and thistles." He loved and loved again, and though in all things a manly man, it may be said, with no injustice to his own sex, that his love passed the love of woman. He painted female character and affections with a pen inspired by the highest genius, and as often as we behold what he produced its framework appears like "apples of gold set in pictures of silver." What an earnest loving vow was that to his Highland Mary upon the banks of the stream just before they two parted to meet no more on earth. It would be against nature and grace to believe that he who wrote "To Mary in Heaven," would not meet her hereafter in the realms of perfect bliss. On the banks of the Tweed they plighted their vows, and upon the Sabbath, because the day was sacred, — by the burn where they had courted, that all nature might witness their pledges,—over an open bible, as proof that they thought of God,—and each lifting a handful of water from the stream at their feet, they scattered it into the air to show that as the waters were pure, so was their love,—and so exchanging Bibles, they separated, Burns to cross the Tweed, and Mary to her home, there to exchange the apparel of the bride for the shroud of the grave.

Burns's first poetic inspiration was born of love at the age of seventeen, and for a lass on the Kyle, and his last, twenty years later, for a maid upon the Devon, just before his own weary spirit winged its way beyond the broad, deep, dark flood that separates life from death. When the poet Moore praised his lines to woman his answer was, "I do not pant and pray for divine inspiration: Quite the contrary. I have a glorious recipe, the one intended by the divinity of healing ere he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself in the regimen of adoring fine woman, and in proportion to the adorability of her charms are you delighted with my verses. The lightning of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon."

But to what end all that Burns said or sung without that

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art which preserves all arts! To what end the theology of Dr. Blair, and the philosophy of Dugald Stewart, the friends and associates of Burns at Edinburgh. Where, indeed, did Burns hear of his honored Ramsay and Ferguson but in the Press of Scotland. To him it is true books could never teach the use of books, for he was too original for this;—but he lead Shakspeare, Addison, Thompson, Young and others and profited by what he read. He was the Shakspeare of Scotland, and to his native land what the Bard of Avon, Milton, Wadsworth and Byron were to England, only less cultivated, patient and refined. Just what Moore and Goldsmith were to Ireland; Goethe and Schiller to Germany; Longfellow and Whittier to New England; Bryant and Halleck to New York, was Burns as the poet of Scotland. But he was patriot, as well as poet, and a philosopher as well as the rustic ploughman, and poor but honest exciseman. As a lover of Bruce and Wallace he says: "Scottish prejudice was poured into my veins, which will boil there till the floodgates of life are shut in eternal rest." He knelt at the tomb of Sir John Graham, the friend of Wallace, and prayed fervently over the hole in a whinstone where Robert the Bruce fixed his own standard on the banks of Bannockburn. He kneeled, too, on the banks of the Tweed and on bended knees, repeated the closing stanzas on the Cotter's Saturday Night, which began with:

> "O, Scotia, my dear, my native soil!
> For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent—
> Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
> Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content."

I have called him philosopher, too, for what divine ever taught a higher wisdom than this:

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flow'r, the bloom is shed:
> Or like the snowflake in the river—
> A moment white—then melts for ever;
> Or like the Borealis race,
> That flits ere you can point the place;
> Or like the rainbows lovely form
> Evanishing amid the storm."

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Burns made the discovery, too, that men differed in polish and not in grain, and this was true of him whether as in the beginning he toiled at the plow, flourished with Lady Dunlop or the Earl of Glencairne at Edinburgh, or served as exciseman at Dumfries on the paltry pay of fifty pounds a year, with deductions for the time that he was too ill to toil. For such a man "'twas not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die."

But let me close, and as you have honored that sixth sense the Press, let me add to it the truth that the Pross is only free when it is free from all that is licentious, and only noble when it instructs and improves mankind.

> "He is the free man whom the truth makes free,
> And all are slaves beside."

MR. FIELD. *Ladies and Gentlemen*:

The last speaker has alluded to the gentleman to whose exertions especially we owe this charming banquet, Mr. Andrew H. H. Dawson. I am sure that I should express your wishes, as well as my own, if I should so far deviate from the prescribed order of proceedings, as now to ask him to speak for himself.

MR. DAWSON said:

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I suppose this call is intended for a surprise. It is not a surprise; I was expecting it. A friend warned me last evening that this prauk was in pickle for me. The object of a surprise is generally to delight one. I am not delighted. Last evening when I was told, something, I would have to say, I at once went to thinking what I would say, and after losing more or less sleep over my cogitations, I finally concluded I had got a speech that would do, cut and dried, when lo, to my painful discomfiture, I find the orators of the evening who have gone before me, have already said what I intended to say, and left me out in the cold. Yes sir, Boaz and his reapers have been here to-night, and the ripe harvest

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of golden thoughts that was waving here when this banquet opened, have been swept by the sharp sickles of genius, out of the field of discussion, [Applause.] and I have been left nothing to say, nothing but dry stubble against which to fret my dull blade. True it is, that the humble role of the gleaner is open to me, and I suppose inasmuch as in the olden time, away back in the dim distance of centuries, that good and gentle, bright and beautiful being who so tenderly loved Naomi, that when she bade her return to her people, she threw her beautiful white arms around her neck and from the fullness of her heart sobbingly exclaimed "entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more, also, if aught but death, part thee and me." Inasmuch, I say, as the noble little Moabitish woman who made that great speech was herself, in the fields of Boaz, a gleaner, perhaps I ought to feel that even that position is not without its share of honor. [Applause.] Especially in such a field as this, in such a field as the history of Robert Burns presents, where if only one golden grain of thought, that might be lost or overlooked is saved, planted and tilled, it may be made to produce and in the revolution of seasons, reproduce, until in the lapse of years a whole crop of blessings may spring from that one grain alone. [Applause.] Sublime results often proceed from modest beginnings. Sir, did you ever travel in the West, upon that mighty monarch stream, the old father of waters, and have you not, while looking down into his turbid waves, as they roll on to the sea, asked yourself "from whence do these waters come, and whither do they go?" Would you know? Go you then four thousand long miles far away into the bosom of the wilderness, and there, at the foot of a nameless little hill, you will find gushing a spring, from whence runneth a rivulet, over which the weary hunter steps in his careless wanderings, and from the ripple of whose crystal waters the

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timid fawn turneth not aside; but pursue it onward and downward, and you will find it widens, deepens and swells, until a nation's wealth floats upon its surface, and the hardy mariner turns pale at the roar of its waves. And thus may it be with one of Burn's noble sentiments or great thoughts, born, though it was of an obscure ploughman's mind or heart, as it rolls on down along the channel of ages, it too, may be made to widen, deepen and swell, until the happiness of millions may float upon its sparkling surface, and the miserable freebooters and buccaneers who infest the high seas of independent thought and fraternal feeling, may be made to tremble and turn pale at the musical roar of its healing waters (applause). The mission of serving mankind, however, is often a thankless one, and those who go forward to do good frequently have to encounter in life's highways and by-ways, snarling cynics, ever ready to impugn the best motives, ridicule the happiest proprieties, and prevent salutary results. Even while I was co-operating with others in attempting to get up this dinner, I was met by insolent impertinence, challenging my right to take an interest in the memory of Burns. One "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" pertly remarked to me, "Why do you take such an interest in Burns' memory? you're no Scotchman! you was not born in Scotland!" True, I was not born in Scotland, but nevertheless I do claim to be a Scotchman. I was not only not born in Scotland; I never was even in Scotland. I never gazed with the naked eye upon her grand old mountain crags, crowned with coronals of light or veiled with curtains of mist. I never heard the shrill whistle her lowland shepherds send athwart her moors to call back to their sentinel posts their truant flock-dogs; or the many voices of her babbling brooks as they go laughing and singing on their winding way to the sea. I have never visited the scenes immortalized by the prowess of her valor, illumined by the corruscations of her genius or dedicated to the altars of her hospitality; but nevetheless, sir, by the dint of an imagination's strength, intensely Scotch, I have almost realized that I was standing on Scotland's sacred soil, guarding against the in-

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trusive stranger's resentful violence, her glen's emblamatic thistles, or tending with affection's hand, her mountain's modest daisies. Many a time and oft, in day-dreams, have I wandered along the shores of Loch-Katrine, stood upon the summit of Ben-Lomond, lingered upon the field of Bannockburn and knelt at the tomb of Robert Bruce; and never did I, for one moment feel, while under the glow of the enthusiasm with which such associations ever flushed my bosom, that I had to wait for the stammering tongue of tradition to tell me that I was a Scotchman; (applause,) sir, the loud throbbings of my own swelling heart always announced to me on such occasions that it was a Scotch heart, like

> "Something whispers in the soul
> It must forever be,
> And travelers hear billows roll
> Before they reach the sea."—(Applause.)

I have studied, sir, the great events of Scotch history and the minuter details of Scotch statistics, drank in the sweet strains of their kindling bards and the ravishing rhapsodies of their mellow medleys, until my soul is as full of Scotch facts and fancies, pride and prejudices, as my heart is of Scotch life and love. So literally Scottish are all my tastes, sympathies and impulses, that whenever I have occasion to instance an example of illustrious worth or wisdom, valor or virtue, to fire ambition or challenge emulation, I invariably and involuntarily turn first to Scotland, and I am proud to boast, I never fail to find it there (applause).

In the roseate realms of romance I have pointed to the "Wizard of the North's" magical wand (applause); in jurisprudence to Mansfield's able adjudications; in history to Macauley's perspicuous pen; in arms to Havelock's shining sword; in minstrelsy to the ploughman poet's mellifluous muse (applause); in literature and science to constellations, the light of which radiates round the world and everywhere, captivates with its countless charms, the lovers of profound research and sparkling thought (applause). Don't tell me then, that because I did not happen to make my first blunder

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in this blundering world in Scotland, that therefore I am no Scotchman. It is not *where*, so much as *of whom* one is born that fixes the identity of his race. Nativity is a mere accident, and accidents never make Scotchmen. It takes the great architect of the universe to make a Scotchman (applause). His fortune, I grant you, accident may make or unmake, but the blood that propels his pulse and plants its banner on his cheek and brow *never* finds its way into his heart *accidentally*. The Author and Finisher of races stands above the reach of accident (applause). Nothing that emanates from His omnipotent hand can owe its advent to accident. Man only deals in casualties. As well might you tell me that Scotland's own eternal hills, the immutable foundations of which no angry earthquake has ever jostled, were the children of chance, as that the hardy highlanders who roam over them are. That great "Grand Master" that presides in that great "Grand Lodge" faith locates above the stars, created Scotland, I grant you, a great "Blue Lodge" in which to raise Scotch "masters" for the world, but by a special dispensation, which he can grant, He can "initiate" Scotch "apprentices," "advance" Scotch "fellow-craftsmen" and "raise" Scotch "masters" whenever, wherever and however he may choose. (Applause.) And sir, I claim that He gave me all of the degrees and made me a full blooded Scotchman where thistles never grow and heather never blooms. (Applause.) But there is a smattering of egotism about this vein of thought offensive to good taste, and Burns emphatically expressed his contempt for that popular infirmity when he said, "I winna blaw about mysel," but I felt ladies and gentlemen that the right was mine to defend the solicitude I had felt for the success of this banquet, and that you would regard in a charitable light all personal allusions that fell out in the legitimate line of that defence. (Applause.) Moreover honoring the memory of Burns, was not the sole object of this dinner. One of its prime purposes was to assert the propriety of the presence of ladies at the banquet board, and your presence here to-night, my fair countrywomen, does not only triumphantly vindicate the proposed

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innovation upon the barberous usages of the past, but amounts to a stunning rebuke to the ruffians who would first slam the door of convivial hospitality in your beautiful faces, and then attempt to apoligise for it by the fulsome adulation with which they would condecendingly bespatter your exalted worth and sacred name, over their baccanalian cups (applause.)

I am aware, Mr. President, that this world has some very peculiar people in it, and that among them Scotland and Scotchmen have their full share of critics. I never heard any one, however, set themselves up to criticise the Scotch harshly that I did not find upon "critical dissection" to be peurile and phlegmatic; just such people as might be in Heaven six weeks without knowing it. (Applause.) Men who are never either so harmless or happy as when they are asleep—nothing annoys them so much as to meet a live man. Wit's flash, music's melody, humor's drollery or hilarity's happiness have for them no shadow of interest or fascination. They hate noble impulses and elevated sentiments and ergo hate Scotchmen for the Scotch are eminently emotional, sanguinely sentimental, so much so that they sometimes magnify sentimental incidents into events, as they did for instance in Australia on one memorable occasion. It seems a ship landed at Melbourne or Sidney with a Scotch daisy in full bloom onboard. The fact soon flew from lip to lip all over the city, when as suddenly as "Clan Alpine's clansmen true" were wont to respond to the whistle of Rhoderick Dhu, 15,000 Scotch lads and lasses rushed down to that ship, captured that daisy, formed a procession and escorted it with all the pomp and pageantry of parade through the public streets. To them, it was more than a *sound* from home, it was a *message* from home. It was the voice of Scotland's hills and dales speaking in floral metaphor to Scotch hearts

"Over the seas and far awa',"—(Applause,)

and those hearts drank in its mute eloquence until they were ready to melt into tears and descend like an April

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shower, to refresh its petals and preserve its fragrance. (Applause.) Its presence awoke innumerable reminiscences—reminiscences of other days, days long gone by—days to memory dear—days of "Auld Lang Syne" to some, days of peace, of pious peace and prayer—to others, of light and love, of home, its hearts, its hearths, its family altars and household gods, and it thronged their fond fancies with radiant visions and familiar sounds. Visions sufficiently things of beauty to be joys forever. Sounds that like the Alp-horn's enchanting echo, still lingering, haunts memory's ear long after it has died away on the silent air. [Applause.]

The daisy is Scotland's favorite flower, and wherever there is one drop of Scotch blood in a human heart that heart goes out in impulses of love toward the daisy, and it should excite no surprise that a people who so passionately pet the very flowers of their native land should cling and cleave to each other with a tenacity that would terminate in clannishness, and as clannishness is the principle objection urged by the better informed class of Scotland's carping criticizers against the Scotch I will in conclusion say a word about it. And sir, the first thing I will say is that I regard it as a *virtue* and a virtue without which no people can be true to themselves, their country, or their God. Clannishness is only another name for patriotism, the expression simply of the creature's gratitude to his Creator for the blood He put in his heart and the country He gave him for a birthplace, and Scotch clannishness amounts to nothing more nor less than a cheerful obedience on the part of the Scotch people to those laws that were made in Heaven, by nature's God to rule on earth, nature's children. They are wise laws and not only always have ruled but always will rule human conduct. In Time's primeval infancy men were clannish and clannish they will be found when Time, stricken hoary with centuries, goes tottering down amid "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" to his eternal tomb; and Scotland's children when they love and cleave to each other—call it clannishness, though you may, only put to the best uses the best im-

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pulses the best hearts ever know. (Applause.) And are doing no more than even brutes would advise their offspring to do if they could put their instincts into language, and as Burns makes poor Mailie say with her "dying breath" to her bairns in those lines which run,

> "An' when you think upon your mither
> Mind to be kin' to ane anither."

(Applause.)

The Scotch are not only true to "ane anither," but they stand as firm as pillars of iron by the stranger when they espouse his cause. To this manly Scotch virtue Burns testifies when he says:

> Auld Scotland has a rauckle tongue,
> She's just a devil wi' a rung;
> And if she promise auld or young
> To tak' their part,
> Tho' by the neck she should be strung
> She'll no desert.

(Applause.)

Clannishness, I insist, however, is a great humanizer. It is a kinfolk sort of feeling, nationalized. It robs nobility's crest of its awe, and drives in the pickets rank cautiously puts on duty to guard its dignity. Jennie Deans made no mistake when she said to the Duke of Argyle, "I judged that being sae money hundred miles frae hame your Grace's heart wad warm to the tartan" (applause).

I am willing to admit that the Scotch are the most clannish people under the sun, but I must be permitted to add at the same time, the most reliable. Verily of the Scotchman may be said what Burns said of a friend

> "What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
> What ance he says, he winna brak it."

(Applause).

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Clannishness is not only hoary with age but divine in its origin. When Moses pitched into that fight between the Egyptian and the Hebrew he laid the foundation of clannishness, and when our Heavenly Father subsequently made him a law-giver in Israel he endorsed it (applause). Clannishness after all, in its last analysis, simply amounts to a feeling of propinquity among strangers of the same race, and if there is no greater sin than that recorded in Heaven against the Scotch, there is a crown of glory waiting there now, for every immortal soul whose good luck it has been, or may be, to first see Heaven's light on Scotland's soil. Allow me, sir, to offer the following sentiment, "Scotch clannishness." "It is the offspring of a devotion to scotch virtues, and gifts that distinguish Scotland's sons and daughters from Scotland's foes and slanderers. May it forever continue to make Scotch hearts grow warmer and brighter as the balance of the world grows colder and darker." (Applause.)

MR. FIELD. One of the most humorous of Burns poems, is

14. Death and Doctor Hornbook.

"Folk maun do something for their bread."—BURNS.

Our friend Dr. Sayre, I hope will not take it ill, if he is asked to respond to a toast in recognition of this precious bit of humor.

DR. SAYRE said :

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I must confess that I am not like my distinguished friend Col. Dawson, who has last addressed you, who stated that he was not at all surprised at being called upon, for that he had expected it. I, sir, am surprised—am very much surprised, at being called upon to reply to the toast of "Death and Dr. Hornbook;" and can give no satisfactory reason why I should be called upon to respond to it, unless it be my well known aversion and abhorrence of every thing like pretence, dishonesty, and quackery; and my devotion to the profes-

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sion of my adoption, which ranks so far above all others, in my estimation—far above divinity, law, philosophy, poetry, and sculpture, in fact above all other pursuits, because it is followed in obedience to the Divine command of doing good to others. This most remarkable poem of the immortal bard has never been correctly understood, and cannot be without a proper interpretation.

Like our own poet Holmes, in his "Guardian Angel," describing in satire a wicked clergyman, in the character of "the Rev. Joseph Bellamy," who was severely taken to task by the New England divines for his attack upon the church, and who replied that they had altogether misunderstood him; that he had intended no satire upon "a bad class of men," but to picture "a *bad man* of a class of men," that he then determined to write a book in which he would describe a *bad Doctor*, and after hunting a long time he at last thought he had found the character he wanted, and so commenced his book; but after writing two or three chapters, had to give it up, as he found out his character was an *irregular* practitioner, and did not bring in the medical profession at all. So with Burns, he never intended to satirize the noble profession of medicine, adorned as it was by such names as Cullen, William and John Hunter, and a host of other men, who had added lustre to the name of Scotland and were an honor to their race, by having conferred a boon upon mankind by their good deeds and wise advice for the benefit of the human race; which lived and would continue to live for all time.

Burns even, with all his genius and powers of description, never felt able to do justice to the self-sacrificing, noble, and heroic character of the true physician and therefore never attempted it. Dryden has described the character of "the good Pastor," in the glowing language of a real poet, as one,

> "Whose preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
> (A living sermon of the truths he taught),"

and Shakspeare, the noble jurist, in the character of "Portia," in the Merchant of Venice. Heroes, warriors, and

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statesmen have also had their poets, but the real and true physician, in all his excellence, has met with no one to do him justice, save in the sacred writings of Scripture. "Honor the physician with the honor due unto him, for the Lord hath created him. For of the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honor of the King. The skill of the Physician shall lift up his head and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration. Then give place to the Physician, for the Lord hath created him; let him not go from thee for thou hast need of him."—Ecclesiasticus, chap. 38th, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 10th verses.

Like all other honorable professions it is liable to be degraded by bad pretenders. One of these, a half Dominie and half school master, by the name of Wilson, Burns was acquainted with, and he is the person satirized in his poem of "Death and Dr. Hornbook." At first we read it as if the effect of his skill had been to cause Death to despair, no work remaining for him to do; but as we proceed we find that it was because "Hornbook" himself killed so many and so fast that he had surpassed him in capacity.

"Whare I killed ane, a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill,
Has clad a scare in their last claith
By drap an pill."

Burns' capacity and genius was shown even in the name given to his mock hero. As with us, the Alphabet and Primers are printed upon cloth, so that children cannot tear them to pieces; so in Scotland the A. B. C. was bound in horn, and "hornbook" became a knickname for those who taught and knew but little.

So with this pretended Dr., he understood alone the Alphabet of our profession, and dishonered it by quackery and pretence, and deserved the satire. One single line in this most extraordinary poem is the key note for its entire explanation,

"Folk maun do something for their bread."

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All men who have pretended to undertake the sacred duties of this noble profession, with no higher motive than that of making their bread, can never rise above a "Dr. Hornbook"—and thus we see that Burns, like the immortal Shakespeare, wrote not for a day, but for all time; for the *Hornbooks* of the present time are as numerous as when he wrote his poem and equally deserve censure.

Gentlemen have spoken here to-night of Scotland's celebrated jurists, learned scholars, poets, soldiers and divines. She is no less celebrated in her contributions to the medical profession. Some of the brightest names in the past I have already mentioned, but she continues to perpetuate her fame by adding new lustre to it in the present age, by giving Syme, one of the most brilliant surgeons, and Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, to add to the noble list. This discovery from the time of its promulgation throughout the world has been the means of alleviating human suffering at every second of time, is doing it now, this very moment in some part of this widely inhabited universe, and will continue to do so, for all time to come.

Burns, no! not even Shakspeare, could have found language to do justice to this subject, much less can I attempt it; and the poet is yet unborn, who can convey in language an adequate idea to the human mind, of the glorious benefits to the suffering human race of anesthesia.

Is it not therefore evident that Burns, with all his honesty, simplicity and love of truth and nature, never intended to cast a satire upon the profession of medicine, as I have described it and as he appreciated it; but threw his darts at the pretenders, *Hornbooks*, who dared to enter its sacred portals and so justly deserved his censure.

Mr. Field. The next toast is to

15. The Twa Dogs.

"Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither."—Burns.

Mr. H. H. Morange will respond.

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MR. MORANGE said:

Mr. President:

I perceive at the foot of the list of toasts the following memorandum: "The number of the toasts will forcibly suggest to every modest gentleman who has been nominated to respond to a toast, the absolute necessity of brevity. On such an occasion, and under the circumstances, a dull short speech will give greater satisfaction than the most eloquent effort can give if it is over ten minutes long." Now, Mr. Chairman, I claim to be a modest gentleman, and my claim will, I have no doubt, be heartily endorsed by my friend Ex-Judge Whiting, before whom I have had the honor and pleasure of trying so many causes. Consequently I will be brief, for in addition I have the comforting assurance that a "dull short speech will give greater satisfaction than the most eloquent long one," even if I were qualified to deliver the latter. I do not understand, however, why I was sandwiched in the very centre of the list where the gentlemen who preceded and the speakers who are to follow me are so well known to fame, unless it be upon the principle of the theatrical manager, who after one grand scene and before the presentation of another, gives us a little by-play. The toast to which I have been assigned has also this evening a most beautiful illustration in the fact, that altho' (as I was given to understand), a committee of lovely women upon soiled gaiter boots, waited upon Ex-Judge Whiting this morning in reference to the condition of our streets; yet we see him here looking as well as ever, and the ladies all forgiveness. You will recollect, sir, (for you there made one of the most eloquent addresses delivered), that Mr. J. W. Gerard, at the bar dinner, stated that he had never prepared a set speech, but had merely modelled the skeleton, filling in the ligaments, muscles, flesh, &c., at the time, depending for his ability so to do on Divine Providence and spontaneous combustion. I thought, on this occasion (having but a short time to speak), that I would adopt his suggestion, but un-

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fortunately I find that Divine Providence has not now favored me, and I feel, as at present advised, that there is no danger of a spontaneity of eloquence. I presume that some criticism will be made by our friends outside as to the descendants of so many different nationalities being selected to respond to toasts at a feast given in honor of the Scottish bard. They will ask how it is that the eloquent orator, Mr. Thayer, who is a native, responds to the memory of Burns, the U. S. District Attorney "To the Land o' Cakes," and I "to the manor born," but of French ancestry, to a sentiment contained in one of his best poems. Why this amalgamation? I will answer it by saying that Burns was cosmopolitan in his feelings and in his actions and republican in his sentiments; and I believe it to be historical that the coldness exhibited to him whilst holding office under the British government was because of his sympathy with the French revolution of that period. It is a sight at once gladdening and pleasurable to see gathered around this festive board men of so many varied pursuits, and who have been reared in schools so diametrically opposed to each other. It is however but demonstrative evidence that the poetry, fame, and genius of Burns belong to no one nation nor people, but to the entire world of culture, refinement and taste. The great salient point in the character of Burns is the effort he made at the levelling of all castes. He did not believe in the divine right of kings or in the worship of Mammon. Neither do I, but I have an abiding faith in the aristocracy of intellect, genius, eloquence and refinement. I have never yet seen an instance of a truly educated man who was boorish in his manner, or whose intercourse with his fellow-man was not characterized by an elevated tone and a respectful deference. And yet the head must not be educated at the expense of the heart. Its pulsations must throb and respond to and quicken at the touching pathos, genius and feeling of the poet; to the eloquence of the orator; to the inspiring strains of music, and lastly but not least, lay the homage of its warmest sympathies and affections at the shrine of womanly virtue, beauty and accomplishments.

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The presence of fair woman at this banquet is a high compliment to the chivalrous spirit of the age. It is a concession of the fact that at a convivial feast we need not be *policed* into good order, but that the glance that is darted from the magnificent black eye, or shot from the no less beautiful blue one, suffices to keep us within the bounds of etiquette and decorum. And why, Mr. President, should not woman on the natal day of the genial Burns entwine a wreath of immortelles around his brow, and join hands with the sterner sex in commemorating his advent to this world. Her presence here can have no restraining influence on the exuberance or enthusiasm of feeling which is its usual concomitant. On the contrary it is but expressive of the tendency of the age to a frank and hearty acknowledgment of the equality of the sexes.

Frankly to perceive merit, and to reward it when deserving, seems to have gained ground of late, and poverty and privation are no longer the inseparable companions of the Poet and the Author. The poem of "The Twa Dogs," from which the toast is given affords us an insight to the disposition and feelings of the poet. His animadversion of the exacting factor, the pitiless scorn he aims at the oppression of the insolent arristocrat who dissipates abroad the monies extorted from the hard labor of the tenants; the misery of the poor cotter and the contentment of the honest cottager, his joy in the bosom of his family, is but one of the many exhibitions of the versatility of his talent, the goodness of his heart and the patriotism which glowed within his bosom. With him I believe in the great brotherhood of man, and I look with the utmost contempt upon the man whose mind can be so gangrened with prejudice, malice or envy as to desire to crush him whose accidental birth may have made him an alien, or whose conscience dictates to him a worship at a different altar. Liberty, union and fraternity are the great watchwords of the educated world. The festering atmosphere of ignorance has become dissipated before the advances made by the arts and sciences, and the efforts of the noble pioneers of the freedom of

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thought that have illumined our intellectual horizon. Burns, though neglected in his life time, felt that the fire of genius and poetry within, would cause him to be remembered beyond the grave. Every anxious thought cast toward future times, every desire of an honorable remembrance with posterity, every yearning of the spirit for immortality, is but a testimony to the strength with which a higher and better order of things is seated in the human heart. Reformers wrestling with the demons of ignorance, superstition and error, statesman propounding to the world better schemes of government and law, the martyrs in every age to liberty, to philosophy, to religion, the traduced of every name, whose crime it has been to stand in advance of their times—how have they all risen above the malice of persecution, and with the prophetic intelligence which points to a higher system of humanity and the development of a more perfect order, calmly reposed on the verdict of posterity, their justification and their fame. We can apply to Burns what was said by Pericles of the Athenians who fell in the Samian war, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of such illustrious men; and their memorial better than all inscriptions, is reposited in the eternal and universal remembrance of all mankind;" and permit me, sir, to close these few incoherent remarks with a verse from the poem of one of the most gifted poets of our own native soil, Fitz Greene Halleck:

> "Yet read the names that know not death;
> Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
> And few have won a greener wreath
> Than that which binds his hair."

Mr. Field. The next toast is

16. The North and the South.

> "It's coming yet for a' that,
> That man to man the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that."—Burns.

The response will be given by Dr. J. R. Buchanan.

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DR. BUCHANAN said:

It needs but little comment to illustrate the concentrated and intense meaning of those words "*the North and the South*," to *us*. When we speak of the North and South as friends—once gallant foes in arms—now firm friends in a lasting peace, we rise at once into that calm, pure atmosphere of magnanimity and friendship which surrounds, hovers over, and consecrates the memory of Burns as the mellow Indian summer enshrines the distant hills.

It was the delight of Burns to see the spirit of genial sympathy outspreading to embrace all noble souls in one grand fraternity, to which he invited them:

> "And ye whom social pleasure charms,
> Whose breast the tide of kindness warms,
> Who hold your being on the terms
> "Each aid the others,
> Come to my soul—come to my arms,
> My friends—my brothers."

It is a brilliant omen for the magnificent future of the North and South, that they who once met on the thunderous battle-field with their swords gleaming in opposite directions now meet as fellow-citizens, as comrades in arms—as friends.

Could the spirit of Burns have looked in at that social evening in Washington a few weeks since when the Federal commander-in-chief General Grant and his distinguished guest the Confederate General Wickham of Virginia talked over the mighty Battles of the Wilderness in which they stood on opposite sides, as Scotchmen and Englishmen might have discussed over the flowing bowl the historic contests of their ancestors—he would have smiled to see that they who were first in war were also foremost in the genial amenities of peace—and that after they had

> "Reclined that banner erst in fields unfurled,
> That like a deathful meteor gleamed afar"

—after some years of the sadness that follows the dark years

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of strife, they still had a future for all—the future expressed by Burns.

"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire,
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow."

With the glorious anticipation of that blossoming before us I feel especial pleasure as a Kentuckian in rejoicing as my state rejoices in

"The union of waters and union of lands,
The union of hearts and union of hands,
The Union true forever."

And allow me to say that as Kentucky, like her eloquent statesmen, Clay, and Rowan and Crittenden, ever loved the whole country, *there* the sunshine of peace and friendship was the last to give way to the clouds of war, and the first to shine out again in returning peace and harmony and friendship.

Like the castle of Montgomery where Burns took his last farewell of Highland Mary, we may say of my state, averse to strife and eager for conciliation,

"There summer first unfalds her robes,
And there doth langest tarry."

And I trust that the blossoming summer of peace which now shines upon us will tarry forever with us until we learn the transcendant superiority of the arts and joys of peace which are consecrated by the presence of woman, and learn that in the language of Burns,

"To make a happy fireside clime,
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

May we never, never, again have any strife that can divert us from that "true pathos and sublime of human life." The strife that we have had will soon, I trust, take its position in the calm, elevated and passionless atmosphere of history

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as the last grand convulsion of human passions, and our children will learn to repeat the names of Grant and Lee and Jackson as the last of the race of illustrious warriors. So let it be.

"As from the wing the sky no scar retains,
The parting wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in noble hearts the memory of strife."

And when the stern spirit of war which cleaves asunder the brotherhood of man, has disappeared, and the spirit and influence of woman shall be felt everywhere as they are here —then the spirit of fraternity and love which is but another name for the spirit of Burns will flourish among us in immortal youth. (Applause.)

MR. FIELD. The next toast is

17. Brothers of the Mystic Tie.

"Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful festive night;
Oft, honored with supreme command,
Presided o'er the suns of light."—BURNS.

Mr. C. C. Burr, will respond.

MR. BURR said:

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

To one unacquainted with the history of Burns there seems nothing to connect this toast with the great Bard of Scotland. But it is, nevertheless, one of the most appropriate sentiments of this occasion. For, next after his own God-given genius, Burns was more indebted to the mystic brotherhood for patronage and support than to all other sources besides. When the young peasant first came out from behind his plow on the mountain-side, and stood with brow unabashed in the presence of haughty power and regal splendor, because he felt that:

"The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!"

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there was no hand reached out to welcome him, but that of the Masonic Brotherhood. The heart of Scotland was then paralyzed by the dyspeptic, gloomy, and joy-crushing theology of John Knox. No flower was allowed to grow in the garden of the human soul. All natural joy was a sin, born of the devil; and man himself was only a *fellow-worm*, crawling through a miserable life, to fall at last into eternal fires. If some manacles had been stricken from the limbs of men, still more terrible and more galling fetters had been thrown upon the mind. There was an inquisition in public opinion which crucified the soul; and all freedom of thought, all social happiness, all generous goodfellowship, were driven to the secret lodges of the Masonic Brethren. Here it was not looked upon as a sin to laugh. Here the overburdened heart found relief in songs, merriment, and free expression. Did time allow, I would show that a great number of Burns' best poems were inspired by conversations, stories, and incidents in the Masonic Lodges. It was in these places he was enabled to give vent, in conversation, to the fires of liberty that burned ever in his bosom. The "Rigidly Righteous" hated him because they could neither command nor intimidate him. He flung his wrath upon them in a hundred flashes of satire, that burnt into the very core of bigotry and spiritual despotism, until the desperation of despair hit back at him with a thousand-tongued detraction. How they raved to read his *Kirk's Alarm*, full of such merciless words as these:

> "To join faith and sense,
> Upon ony pretence,
> Is heretic, damnable error."

In his dedication to Garvin Hamilton he gave the following receipt for becoming a follower of Knox:

> "Be to the poor like any whunstane,
> And haud their noses to a quanstane,
> Ply every art o' legal thieving;
> No matter, stick to sound believing.
> Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,

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Wi' well spread luves an' lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn lengthened groan;
And dam a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then you're nae deceiver—
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer."

Then how could the Kirk ever forgive him for his "Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous," beginning with these lines:

"O ye who are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neibor's faults and folly!"

But of all satires ever written, the most burning and the most pitiless is "Holy Willie's Prayer," the mildest part of which is this opening verse:

"O thou, who in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thysel,
Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for any guid or ill
They've done afore thee!"

For these awful satires, of course Burns was not to be forgiven by the "unco guid." And the "rigidly righteous" have not forgiven him to this day. I was in Scotland at the time of the Burns' Centenary, in 1859, when the universal heart of Scotland celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Burns' birth-day, with a devotion such as was never given to the memory of any man. But the clergymen all over Scotland denounced the honors which the people everywhere spontaneously bestowed upon the memory of the Bard.

At Glasgow the Rev. N. Nesbit preceded the grand centenary with a newspaper article of exceeding violence and bitterness, for which he was quite mercilessly excoriated by several eminent speeches at the different banquets in the city on the centenary night. At Dundee the Rev. Hugh Biddle called a public meeting in the church to denounce the "National worship paid to Burns." At Hillwinning, in Ayr-

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shire, Burns' native county, the Rev. Mr. Stevenson wrote a pamphlet of fourteen pages with the title, "Burns' Centenary; are such honors due to the Ayrshire Bard?" This question the reverend gentleman answered under five general heads, with such matter as proved his own head to be utterly empty of all those high and generous qualities capable of appreciating the genius and forgiving the errors of the immortal Bard. But all these efforts of the "unco guid" to dampen the adoration of Scotland's heart for Burns fell like chaff before the wind. For there still stands the "Ayrshire Bard," the dearest name in song, the immortal representative of his nation's intellect, and there he will stand for ever!

But it is a great error, and a great injustice to accuse Burns of being an enemy to Christianity, as the "rigidly righteous" do. For, although he so terribly satirized what he was pleased to call "the dungeon-bosom and foggy-head of theology," there is not in all his writings a single line deriding the sweet and holy truth of the majestic prophet of Galilee. If the cross to him was not the symbol of a hard and cruel creed it was something diviner far—emblem of hope to the poor, prest evermore to the lips of ages without anathema and without wrath.

When the Bard had been driven almost to despair, and he felt compelled to seek his fortunes in a foreign land, his heart turned affectionately to the Masonic brotherhood for its dearest and warmest adieus, which were made in that well known song, now familiar at least to every mason in the world, beginning with these verses:

"Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

"Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,

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Presided o'er the sons of light,
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong memory on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'!"

MR. FIELD. *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The hour "ayont the twal" is approaching, when, according to the programme, the President is to resign his place to the Vice President, and retire with the ladies. We can have but one more song, and one more toast. The song shall be "John Anderson, My Joe," sung by Mr. McDonnell, and the toast

18. Tam o' Shanter.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."—BURNS.

responded to by Mr. C. H. Winfield.

MR. WINFIELD said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Perhaps it is my misfortune that, so far as I know, never since the attempt to purify this "suburb of the Elysian" with a flood, have any of my ancestors been ennobled by a drop of Scotch blood. And it must be owing to the fact that my better half is a "wee" representative of the clan McDougall that I have always admired the Scottish character. Yet, when invited to speak of the life and virtues of Tam o'Shanter a little trepidation was pardonable, and I said to myself what do I know of o'Shanter? The question prompted me to leave this place with something of the fleetness that a New York politician leaves for Albany when the arrival of Senatorial trunks is announced. But this festive occasion has brightened the memory of my early reading of Scotia's Bard; your cordial reception has "screwed my courage to the sticking place;" and for the nonce I imagine myself a loyal son of the "Land o' cakes;"

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fearless of a little "guid usquebae," and willing to bear my part in the utter annihilation of the

"Great Chieftain o' the puddin' race."

Tam o'Shanter! Let us speak of him as we find him; the genial-hearted, fun-loving, care-despising, de'il-defying Tam; of whom one can say, as the Bohemians say of their fusel whisky, "with all thy faults I love thee still." Who but himself can be his parallel? He came like a shadow, so departed, yet left a "name that was not born to die." His youth is obscured in the lowliness of origin, his death lost in the dazzling splendor of his greatness. What were the promises of his boyhood (a period when credulous mothers discover so much to astonish), what the mature reflections of that portion of his life lying between the Witches' Ride and the "Land o' the Leal," will, I fear, never be known. It is fair to presume, however, that they were eminently satisfactory. But when he first bursts on our astonished vision we find in him everything to challenge our admiration.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!"

What to him were the cares which eat out men's brains? He could drown them "amang the nappy," or, with his good Meg to ride leave them behind as Mazeppa left the wolves on his track.

"A foot more light, a step more true
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew."

Having learned the secret of life—*dum vivimus, vivamus*—he was much in the society of the aged Barleycorn, whose virtues differing from the virtues of ordinary mortals increase with his years. In the absence of a "Grand Opera House," with a bountiful lack of sympathy with the rigid dogmas of the kirk, before newspapers came showering over the land like leaves for the "healing of the nations;" what could Tam do but seek a substitute in the neighboring tavern, where the intellectual and the spiritual jointly adminis-

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ter consolation to the dying hours. Who attaches blame to this? "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

> "Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
> Sit like his grand sire cut in alabaster?"

If it were a failing it leaned to virtue's side, as

> "Sunshine broken in the rill,
> Though turned astray is sunshine still."

But like all good men, Tam was encompassed with the "many afflictions," said to be the peculiar possession of "the righteous." Spiders would now and then crawl over his brightest moments. *He had a wife!* It is generally supposed that the affinity between the two was not in all respects nor at all times the most harmonious. That she was a good woman, does not admit of a doubt, for saith not the royal Solomon, "whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing?" That she was an affectionate dame is quite as free from doubt, if frequent chastenings are evidence of love. Certainly she was not one of those timid creatures who let their lords lack for frequent and forcible admonition. She was not a painted Jupiter to hold idle thunder in her hands. At one time she would flatter Tam with gorgeous descriptions of his character, and in the gentlest possible way,

> "She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
> A bletherin', blusterin', drucken blellum;
> That frae November till October,
> Ae market day thou was na sober;"

—further, intimating also that he, the smith and the miller were in the habit of getting "roarin' fou." And then to impress the good man still more pleasantly held up before him the gentle manner in which he would "shuffle of this mortal coil."

> "She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
> Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon!
> Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk
> By Alloway's auld haunted kirk—"

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Well may the gentle Burns sigh over the perverseness of husbands and the patience of wives.

> "Ah gentle dames! it gars me greet
> To think how mony counsels sweet,
> How mony lengthen'd sage advices
> The husband frae the wife despises"—

And, as my lord Bacon saith, "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth," I am compelled to acknowledge that Tam seems to have disregarded these gentle warnings, and delicate compliments. Falstaff could say, "villainous company hath been the ruin of me;" and Tam could say, boon companions have made me forgetful of my wife's "sage advices."

> "Like the snowfall in the river
> A moment white—then, melts forever."

It was Tam's great misfortune to have been hale fellow with one into whose clay, at the time of his creation, not enough moisture had been mixed, and who, all through life, had been busily engaged in supplying the deficiency. "They speak o' my drinking," says the proverb, "but ne'er think o' my drouth." His thirst, like the sea, was illimitable and vast, and marked him as a drinker of the first magnitude.

On the night in which Mistress o'Shanter's prophecy was to be fulfilled, Tam had gone from the market fair earlier than usual, to the tavern, where he sat

> "bousing at the nappy,
> An' gettin' fou an' unco happy.
> * * * * *
> An' at his elbow Souter Johnny,
> His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony."

Who doubts that joy rose in them like a summer's morning; the more they drank the better grew the ale; the longer they sat the swifter flew the hours—

> "As bees flee hame wi' laves o' treasure,
> The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure,"

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Or who can blame that,

> "Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely,"

the wife's scoldings and dismal prophecies were forgotten, along with the

> "hame,
> Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
> Gath'rin' her brows like gath'rin' storm,
> Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm."

Tam, forgetful of the furrow, cosily planted by the "bleezing ingle," listening to Ayr's Munchausen telling his queerest stories, while the ready laugh of mine host and the gracious attentions of the landlady came in between drinks. Who that has ever enjoyed the hospitality of a country tavern but recognizes the picture. The fire was cheery, the bar-room cosy, the Souter funny, the drinks frequent, the landlord happy, his lady bewitching, and "a' gettin' fou!"

> "The storm without might rair and rustle,
> Tam did na mind the storm a whistle."

But happy hours speed swiftly, and the best of friends must part. Home and the wrath-nursing dame must be met.

"Ah! wae's the wife that want's a tongue, but weel's the man that gits her," sighed Tam, as he mounted his trusty Meg for his homeward ride. It being the hour "when churchyards yawn," he invoked again the aid of his old friend Barleycorn, and bidding good night to Souter Johnny and the jolly old red nosed landlord,

> "Skelpit on through dub and mire,"

until he came to Kirk Alloway;

> "An' wow! Tam saw an unco' sight!
> Warlocks an' witches in a dance,
> Nae cotillion brent new frae France;
> But hornpipes, jigs, Strathspeys an' reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels."

Near the pulpit auld Nick, "in the shape o' beast," sat pip-

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ing, and in the midst of the weird surroundings all "went merry as a marriage bell." As virtue is ever bold and goodness never fearful, Tam was determined to see the dance, though

> "The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber."

> "As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,
> The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious;
> The piper loud an' louder blew,
> The dancers quick an' quicker flew,
> They reel'd, they set, they crossed, the cleekit,
> 'Till ilka carlin swat an' reekit."

Justice to history compels me to confess that Tam was at the ball without a ticket, and too full of indiscretion or too much impressed with the "lap and flang" of Nannie to remain quiet during the performance, but expressed himself in some ill-timed words of approval. No sooner said than darkness, confusion, screeches and threats of witches surround the bewildered Tam and flying Meg.

> "Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin',
> In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'."

Then began the Witches' Ride, the fame whereof is immortal. It was Fear flying from Vengeance! It is said Tam's prayer was as follows: O Lord if you won't help me, don't help Nannie, but leave her to Meg and me, and you'll see the liveliest race ever witnessed on the banks of Doon.

> He came in the winner, Meg's loss I can't tell,
> And so Tam o'Shanter, all hail and farewell!

Judge Whiting, on taking the chair, said:

Gentlemen:—It affords me a profound pleasure, not to say pride, to take the chair and proceed with the programme. I am not ready to acknowledge that there is a younger man present than myself, that Burns has here, or ever had anywhere, a more ardent admirer than I ever have been and still continue to be. I am ready to listen to his praises until

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the break of day, if not until the crack of doom, and I now give notice that the statute of limitations is repealed, that fancy's flights are no longer under the restraint of minute laws, that no poet or orator need give up a trip toward the stars lest he may not be able to get home safely in ten minutes, the ten minute rule is well enough as a matter of politeness, but no speaker that can't tell all he knows in ten minutes, can do justice to himself or his subject in a ten minute shot on the wing. The next toast is

19. The Memory of Fitz Greene Halleck.

"Praise to the bard! his words are driven
Like flower seeds by the far winds sown;
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown."—HALLECK.

One of America's sweetest minstrels. His admiration for Burns, verged on idolatry and one of the most if not altogether the most beautiful tribute ever paid to the genius and memory of Burns, was from the pen of Fitz Greene Halleck. It will be responded to by the bosom friend and able historian of the lamented Halleck, Gen. James Grant Wilson, who ought to know the relative power of the sword and the pen, for he has tried them both.

GEN. WILSON said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Suspended on the walls of the principal room of the birthplace of the Peasant Bard in whose honor we are here assembled on the one hundred and tenth anniversary of his birth, there may be seen a copy of verses printed in large letters and neatly framed. They have been there for more than two score years. Few among the thousands from the four quarters of the globe who annually visit that humble cottage, fail to read those verses—the first poetical tribute ever paid to the memory of one poet by another. That tribute was written by an American, and that American, need I say to such an intelligent assemblage of brave

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men and beautiful women, was Fitz Greene Halleck, the greatest poet our country has yet produced, with the one single exception of the eminent singer to whose briliant poetic periods all present to-night have listened with pleasure—and whom we all delight to honor—our distinguished countryman, William Cullen Bryant.

The lateness of the hour, for it is already "ayont the twal;" the anxious countenances of the dozen eloquent orators and poets who are yet to be heard; and the lessening number of the fair ladies who have so kindly graced the occasion by their most welcome presence, all admonish me to be brief, and as I, at least in one particular, resemble my late genial friend, Halleck, who upon rising to speak on a similar occasion said, "when I get on my legs, my brains run to my heels," I know not how I can more fittingly honor the memory of Fitz Greene Halleck whose "lyre told of Athenian lands," than—in lieu of any weak words of mine, which must needs seem dull indeed, after the eloquence of a Field and Thayer, a Bryant and Chapin—by repeating to you his matchless tribute to Burns, several stanzas of which are singularly applicable to their author; "Nothing finer has been written about Robert than Mr. Halleck's poem," said Isabella, the youngest sister of the Ayrshire Bard, as she gave me, a few summers since, some rosebuds plucked from the garden near "The banks and braes of bonny Doon," to carry back to my gifted friend. Perhaps the last survivor of those who personally knew and loved Burns, she has since passed away to be no more seen, and entered those heavenly gardens

"Where angels walk,
And seraphs are the wardens."

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Judge WHITING. The next toast is

20. "Caledonian Conviviality."

"For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began—
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfills great Nature's plan,
An' none but he.'"

It was the convivial element in Burns' character that made him personally popular, and it is the out-cropping of that element in his songs and poems that widens and deepens the hold they have to-day on the popular heart.

The response will be given by Mr. Geo. W. Searle.

MR. SEARLE said:

That conviviality which your sentiment, Mr. President, presents, is the leading national characteristic of Scotland. It is the most pleasing, interesting, fascinating, and graceful of the national traits. Robert Burns found this institution deeply seated in the hearts of the Scottish people. Indeed it is of primeval memory. But he gave to it a new birth, and made it as immortal as universal, by dedicating to it not one but many sweet and inspiring songs, songs which have charmed Scotland ever since, and found an echo in all nations and in all lands, and which will live through the ages. The poems of Burns are one long song to conviviality. He was not only the representative convivial poet of Scotland but he was the most convivial of Scotchmen; not only was he the poet of conviviality, he was himself its impersonation. Like all men of the sensitive organization of genius he had his trials and his sad hours. Yet through poverty, suffering, disappointment, ill-health, and as he looked death in the face, he was cheerful, mirthful, convivial, to the last.

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" A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour withal."

The haunt of Burns and his friends at the old Dumfries Tavern still remains, a perpetual memorial of the glory of the poet, the same seats, the same table, the same low-studded room, where Tam o'Shanter, Souter Jonny, and others of that ilk, with the immortal Robert, many a time and oft held high Jinks, drank good barley brae, cracked good jokes, told long yarns, and recited good poetry. The pencil of the artist has made us familiar with the conviviality of Scotch scholars, as around the hospitable table of Sir Walter Scott his friends and boon companions gathered. Who would not look upon a similar portraiture of Burns and his friends in jolly conviviality? The Wizard of the North sleeps in his honored grave but lives in his immortal works; the Poet of the North has gone down to the dusty house of death, and he too lives in the immortality of his genius and in the world's oblation to his memory.

This night all Scotland is alive with conviviality, and all aglow with Burns. All Scotland at this moment bends the knee to him, its glory and its pride, the glory and pride not only of Scotland but of all mankind. Around every family altar ascends the hearty worship of the national idol. What Goethe is to Germany, what Corneille is to France, that, and much more than that, Burns is to Scotland. He liberalized, intensified, and sanctified Scotch character, Scotch society, Scotch manhood, and gave to Scotch conviviality a charm all its own. All Scotland, all the world, is the better to-day for the genial life and writings of Robert Burns. Let us, with excusable curiosity, enter some of the hospitable doors of those Scottish homes, and look into old Scotland's festivity, as to-night she joins with one accord in convivial and reverential worship around the shrine of her garlanded poet. For in these scenes we have the best illustration of the whole year of Caledonian conviviality. The venerable old man, as if his veins ran with quicksilver, pushes aside his flowing white locks, and warms and kindles over whisky and Burns,

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as the laughter provoking anecdote and the happy quotation rolls on. The youthful hearers wonder at the charm of the great idol, and learn to love and to read him. Venerable old women are garrulous over "Bobby Burns." Young maidens admire him, and old maidens adore him. In a word, all partake of the common joy, all feel the common adoration, all join in the universal prayer. Around the tables of the poor, in the hovels of the lowly, in the carpeted mansions of the rich, in the ancestral halls of the great, to-night, conviviality and Burns rule and reign.

"See the smoking bowl before us!
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing."

But your imaginations must supply the rest of the picture. Burns himself most truly declared in memorable words when he wrote:

"From scenes like these Old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved abroad, revered at home."

In an assemblage of scholars ripe in Scotch literature, and especially at home in the literature of Burns, it were superfluous to enlarge upon the serious aspects of Caledonian conviviality; and yet if the wise ten minutes rule did not forbid, it would be pleasing to me if not instructive to you, to dwell briefly upon the character and characteristics of Scotch conviviality; its types, its occasions and its accompaniments, as well as its literature, its history, and its ethics; but upon all these, the proprieties of the occasion forbid me to enter. All here will agree that although by nature hard, dry, taciturn, the Scotchman has an interior vein of the most sentimental merriment and the most hilarious conviviality.

This national conviviality has from time to which the memory of man runneth not the contrary, been associated in indissoluble union with whisky, the national drink. The origin of this union of Scotch whisky and Scotch conviviality

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has been the subject of much learned discussion, which this is an eminently proper occasion to settle. Some wiseacres will have for all habits an origin, and for all things a cause. The latest and most ingenious theory, perhaps, of the many on the subject, is that national character and habit, according to Buckle and others, depending largely on soil and climate, this origin must be sought in some facts of that nature. The theory runs somewhat thus: The British Isles, it will be remembered, break the Gulf Stream, creating the famous mist of which we hear so much; this mist begins to condense as we travel northward down to John O'Groat's; and it produces a chilling air.—This brings on the human system a cold shiver. Nature points out the stimulant to resist this, in the warming, exhilarating influence of whisky. The poets of Scotland, the Thomsons, Ramsays, Burns, more than all others, turned it from a stimulant required by nature to protect from the rigors of the climate, and made it the rallying centre of the convivial spirit of the people. He and they threw around it the charm of sentiment, the grace of poetry, the glow of wit, the fire of freedom and the halo of humanity. Hence whisky became the national drink, and conviviality the national trait.

Thus, or somewhat thus, it was that harmless, cheerful, gleeful and inspiring conviviality, centering in and around the national beverage, became the leading national characteristic. It was Burns more than any other or all others has imparted honor, glory and immortality to it. Before his day Scotland had intellectual men; but the Scotch intellect took a hard, dry, reasoning direction. Their energies were thrifty and laborious; their habits were sober, staid, Presbyterian. He touched the national intellect, and from it came forth kindly sentiment and cheerful merriment. He touched the national heart, and as from a fountain flowed streams of joy and gladness. The manifold forms into which it developed can be traced without labored words. It reached all classes and conditions. The Scotch advocate became as jolly, though not as boisterous, as the Irish coun-

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sellor. The Scotch merchant ceased to be merely thrifty, canny and penurious and became large, liberal and generous. Even the Scotch clergyman in spite of his suit of solemn and threadbare black, on appropriate occasions was always merry, joyful and convivial. He surrendered to the supremacy of the table, the fiddle, the bag pipe and good old Scotch whisky —emblems all of Caledonian conviviality.

The conviviality of the Scotch differs essentially and radically from that of all other people in its characteristics, its occasions and its concomitants. It has its peculiar traits and its eccentric manifestations. But it is always and ever free, homespun, genuine and natural, and such as sets the table on a roar. It is less boisterous than Hibernian conviviality, less exquisite than the French, less demonstrative than German, less formal than English, less precise than Puritan—if such conviviality there be; but for all this it is not the less real nor the less attractive, fascinating and agreeable than either.

Other nations have their gala days and their merry meetings and their convivial customs, established by law or fixed by habit; those days have had their peculiarities and their felicities; they have added grace, strength and ornament to the people; instead of weakening and enervating they have strengthened, elevated, refined and dignified national character. But there is probably no nation so peculiarly, so elegantly, so scientifically, so naturally, in a word, so Scottishly convivial as the Caledonians. The nation most resembling them in festivity as a national habit is the Hibernian. But Hibernians in their convivial moments differ in all essential particulars from the Caledonians. The one is wild, boisterous, rollicksome, sometimes a little offensive to the most refined taste and the most delicate sentiment. I speak, of course, of the masses, the true type of the convivial habits of any people. But with the Scotch you seldom witness anything of this. It is a more sedate, a more philosophical, a more composed order of conviviality. It is orderly, seemly, and always of good report. It is never offensive to even the most fastidious taste; it never offends senti-

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ment, however refined; it is perfectly, always and everywhere in keeping with the public peace, with good order and with municipal law. That it is better to laugh than to weep, we have the highest authority for believing. That sensible Caledonian conviviality is better than the more pretentious, but not more reasonable sobriety of some other people we read of, is a proposition too plain, speaking after the manner of the lawyers, to need any authority for enforcing. It is certainly to be hoped that our venerable ancestors had some merry hours, and some species of conviviality; and the world is fast coming to believe that in their intense sobriety, if not in their large religious freedom, they set examples which their degenerate sons are growing each and every year less disposed rigidly and sacredly to follow.

The literature of Scotch conviviality is a fruitful topic, but it is one on which there is no occasion to enlarge. The names of Ramsay, Hogg, Scott, Burns, to go no further with the record, have made this branch of her literature a brilliant chapter of her literary history. And I may add that Scotch conviviality constitutes a monarchy of merriment, possessing in Burns its poet-laureate, and having a line of monarchs not to be despised; for be it remembered that among its earliest rulers was that "Old King Cole" of jolly memory; and if I pause not to trace up the line of his successors, it is because this is no time or place for historical dissertation.

Caledonian conviviality needs no defence in this presence and amid these hilarious faces. Conviviality, mirth, merriment, jollity, by whatever name we call the nameless thing, is the very juice of a nation's as it is of an individual's life. Without it, the best energies would be exhausted, and the noblest purposes become vanity of vanities. To life's toils and cares festivity is

> "Like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm."

It cheers, purifies, and adorns men and nations. The nation that never indulges in it, like a man who never laughs,

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should be regarded with distrust. There must be something rotten in that Denmark.

The sum of it all is that no nation on the round globe is so remarkable, so peculiar, so graceful in its conviviality as the Scotch. The festive board is the guarantee of the national virtue. Caledonian conviviality doubtless degenerates to excesses sometimes, but this is not often. The reason is that though the Scotchman is given to fair drinking, he drinks not for the mere sake of drink, but for the convivial accompaniments of drinking. It is the hilarious spirit, the sparkling wit, the real good cheer, the full blown merry making, associated with oatmeal, whisky, and the social table, which have made barley drinking the national habit. Whether there there be in wine truth or falsehood, we know not, and just at this convivial moment, we care not; but that in and around barley brae, there is genuine natural truthfulness, and real honest Scotch nature in its highest development and in its noblest inspiration, is an established truth. Burns apostrophised the national beverage, and gave it its true place as the soul of conviviality:

> "Thou art the life o' public haunts,
> But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
> E'en godly meetings o' the saunts,
> By thee inspired,
> When gaping they besiege the tents,
> Are doubly fired."

This day, Mr. President, is sacred to the memory of one to whom such honors are most justly due. This magnificent demonstration by both sexes, is worthy of Burns and worthy of you. This banquet has a feature of novelty eminently worthy of Robert Burns, the presence, in large and briliant array, of the ladies of this imperial metropolis. Burns was a genuine respecter of woman. Whether she were beautiful or homely, accomplished or rude, she belonged to the blood-royal, in his estimation. In this day when woman begins to assert her womanhood, and there is a disposition with more or less of unanimity to acknowledge her claims, it becomes

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us to remember those who early espoused her cause in song and in literature. The peasant poet of Scotland was the true herald of woman's, in the presence of the *Tribune* I will not say rights, but of woman's equality. The sadder life of Burns was cheered by the friendship of a woman whose name will ever be associated with the name of the great poet, Mrs. Dunlop. She was his ever constant friend. She appreciated his genius and revered his character. His excesses had no tendency to diminish her respect, or dampen her friendship. Other places may utter worthy tributes by splendid demonstrations, but it becomes this great metropolis to lead the rest and here she does it. The literary emporium of the new world can never surpass, I doubt if with all her hubbish pride of literary excellence she can equal, this tribute of the great commercial emporium to Scotland's great idol; witness this gathering of her beauty and her chivalry, her merchant princes and her princely lawyers, her scholars, her poets, her historians, her men of genius and of art. But alas, how short do all our ascriptions of praise and all our homage fall of the merits of Scotland's pride and the word's great benefactor? How empty our worship, how frigid our idolatry, how impotent our best conclusions.

JUDGE WHITING. The next toast is

21. Bannockburn.

"Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can till a coward's grave?
Wha sa base as be a slave?

Bruce fought the battle, and Burns wrote the poem. Bruce was victorious, and so was Burns Scotland had to wait 500 years after she found the hero, before she found the poet. Other countries, however, may count themselves fortunate, who, after finding as great a hero as Bruce, to fight as great a battle as Bannockburn, to then find, even in a thousand years, as great a poet as Burns, to immortalize it in song as

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Burns has immortalized Bannockburn. Mr W. C. Kain will respond to it.

Mr. Kain said:

It is not for me in this presence to dilate on the genius of Burns; that pleasant task for this night is confided here to brother poets, who, like the Ayrshire ploughman, have won for themselves a fame world-wide and an immortality everlasting.

The partiality of the homage-feast to genius, rather than any peculiar fitness upon my part for the duty, has committed to me the direction of our common tribute to the patriot-bard, who whilst he has written on the waves of Doon, and upon the waters of "sweet Afton," an inscription to his memory more durable than if traced upon tablets of brass, has in that heroic song entwined for ever the names of the hero and the poet in the memory and in the hearts of men.

Burns has left it upon record that the ambition of his life was that he

> —— for Scotland's sake
> Some useful buke might make,
> Or sing a sang at least.

How gloriously has he achieved and satisfied this aspiration in Bruce's address to his men at Bannockburn. It is the very trumpet call to battle. It is the bubbling libation of the poet's heart poured upon the altar of patriotism. It is the sentiment of the warrior, the hero and the patriot clothed in the royal robes of verse.

Happy—most happy was the bard in the time and in the occasion of his song. He commemorated the successful achievements of his countrymen upon their native soil. Banockburn, where Scotchmen poured out their blood until the heather was dyed a deeper red, triumphantly in the cause of liberty and right. He knew not, he felt not, that—

> "There is a bondage worse, far worse to bear,
> Than his who breathes by roof and floor and wall

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Shut in—a tyrant's solitary thrall,
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a nation who henceforth must wear
Their fetters in their souls."

Alas, alas—

"If vain the pariot's zeal
If neither valor's force, nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt the blood-cemented seal
That locks and binds so fast the book of right,
What song can then in sadness tell
Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remembered well,
Of ardor quenched, of honor faded,
What muse can mourn the breathless brave,
In sweetest dirge at memory's shrine,
What harp can sigh o'er freedom's grave.

"But wake the trumpets blast again,
And rouse the warrior ranks of men,
Oh! war when truth thy arm employs,
And freedom's spirit rules the storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallowed form,
And like heaven's lightning sacredly destroys.
And music, through thy breathing sphere,
There breathes no sound more grateful to the ear
Of him who made all harmony,
Then the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the glad hymn that man awaking
From Slavery's slumber breathes to Liberty."

JUDGE WHITING. The next toast is

22. Scottish Heroism.

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

The Scotch are proverbially brave and stubborn; they are a race of heroes; their very women are fearless. Wherever you trace Scotch blood, in the wars that have shaken Europe or deluged any other part of the world with blood, you'll find you will have to chronicle great events, heroic achieve-

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ments and deeds of daring. This toast will be responded to by N. McGregor Steele, Esq.

Mr. Steele said :

Next to the records of our own country, the history of few other lands is more familiar to Americans than that of Scotland. At an early age we are fascinated with that spirit of romance which abounds everywhere in Scottish annals, and acquire a hearty and enduring love for Scott's heroic verse, for Campbell's spirit-stirring strains, and for the musical melodies of Burns. What American youth has not read the Scottish Chiefs, and is not familiar with the names and deeds of Wallace and Edwin and Helen Mar, of Bruce and McGregor and Mary Queen of Scotts. What American youth has not stolen countless hours from required duties and enticing pleasures to pore over the enchanting pages of the author of Waverly? Scottish history is but one continuous record of noble; deeds and authentic historical instances of such deeds are as numerous, interesting and varied, as any contained in the works of the great Scottish novelist. In the long list of the world's heroes, real or imaginary, what names stand higher than those of Wallace, King James and Roderick Dhu? Their deeds are unsurpassed in the annals of fact, or the creations of fiction, and stand forth as immortal as the achievements of Homer's demi-gods.

The loftier qualities of human nature have always been prominent in Scottish character and national life. One of the most marked traits of that character is persistence. The Scots were never conquered as a nation. It was interest and policy, not fear, that led to the union with England; it was a question of diplomacy, not of necessity. Another marked trait is self-possession in the hour of danger. You have probably read an account of an incident which occurred during the earthquakes in South America a few months since. The boatswain of one of the United States vessels—a Scotchman (for like the Yankee you will find the Scotch-

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man in any part of the world you set foot in)—was caught ashore in a small boat by the immense tidal wave. He was in full view of his vessel's deck, and as he saw the resistless waters approach to overwhelm him and read his certain doom in their fury, he arose in his trembling little boat, and ere he sank for ever, waved his handkerchief to his messmates in token of an eternal farewell. He met his fate with the heroic self-possession of a Scotchman.

Scottish heroism means endurance under discouragements and difficulties; persistence in the accomplishment of worthy endeavors; generous sympathy with the wronged and the suffering; obstinate devotion to the good and the true. There is no meteoric brilliancy about it, there is no wild madness in it. But there is that which is much better. It is tireless and unyielding, constant and true, firm and immovable as the highlands among which it springs into being. The land of Scots will ever have cause to be proud of the heroic qualities and deeds of her noble sons and daughters.

JUDGE WHITING. The next toast is

23. Scottish Hospitality.

"My worst word is welcome,
And welcome again,"

which will be responded to by Mr. J. M. Robertson.

MR. ROBERTSON said:

In attempting to respond to the sentiment expressed in that toast I feel an utter want of ability to do justice to a subject which is co-extensive with that noble Scottish race, whose energies, industry and *hospitality* encircle the globe in its extent and permeates every free and enlightened government and society on earth. For where is the country or the clime that you do not find the canny Scotchman carrying his enterprise and his hospitality into the enlightened Courts of Europe, or bearing the glad tidings of great joy to the benighted heathen of the more distant world. But

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wherever you find him, in his thatched covered cabin at "Auld Brig o' Doon" or sitting in his tent door upon the shores of Africa you will find that door always open, and over its portals the words of our immortal poet,

"Come to my home,
Come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers."

And with the language of inspiration upon his lips he invites you to "Eat, O, friends, drink ye, yea drink abundantly, O, beloved." And our national poet only wove into immortal verse a universal sentiment when he penned those beautiful lines:

"When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that sure shall come,
In Heaven itself I'll ask no more,
Than just a Highland welcome."

MR. PERKINS said:

Gentlemen:—Allow me to propose the health of Judge James R. Whiting.

JUDGE WHITING said:

Gentlemen:—He who speaks last at a banquet is generally without a theme. Those who precede him leave him but little to say, and I certainly feel now that enough has been already said here to-night to render it quite unnecessary for me to add another word. Partial friends, however, wish to hear from me, and I suppose I am at liberty to feel, as I have no special topic assigned to me, that anything I can say germain to the occasion, whether it be about Burns, Scotland, or poetry, will be as charitably received as it was generously called for.

Poetry has always been considered an inspired gift, and regarded in all ages of time, and among all civilized nations, with veneration. Many of the Greek soldiers who were made prisoners in the Peloponnesian wars captured the hearts

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of their captors by reciting the eloquent poems of Euripides, and melting the hatred of enemies into love, were set free and sent home. Great poets are always full of emotion, and so are all of the votaries who worship at the shrine of song. The genius that is instinct with poetic fire is inextinguishable. It does not only set in a blaze everything like cotemporaneous flesh and blood, but passes into the page on which it is recorded, and after having laid for centuries upon the shelf, immediately upon being exhumed, as it were, from the dust of ages, leaps with the elasticity of youth into a fresh existence, and kindles the same glow of ardor in the bosom of the young or the old that it did centuries ago, when it first burst like a volcanic eruption from the heaving heart of the poet. Hence it is Burns' friends increase as civilization spreads the light of learning, scholars multiply and the love of poetry becomes more and more a passion among the masses. Poetry is the heart's own language; it is passion's magic wand. Education may polish versification, tune the jingle of words, but poets are born with souls full of music, that, like the music of the Æolian harp that depends upon the moods of the winds, must depend upon the zephyrs of emotion that play in sighs of sorrow or gusts of humor upon the poet's heart strings. One reason why Burns has a warm place in all of our hearts, is, he always uttered his emotions; when gloom overwhelmed him his song was sad; when his heart was full of glee so was his song. As has been already eloquently said to night, he despised affectation and therefore was always natural. He loathed hypocrisy and therefore hypocrits loved him not. He sought to make the muse the foe of vice and the friend of virtue. He dealt freely in invective but it was rarely personal; what he said denouncing vice hit as many friends as foes; what he said by way of apology for human infirmities was as good a plea for his enemies as it was for his friends.

But, gentlemen, we have had a brilliant banquet; every feature of it has been a signal success. I propose that we close the ceremonies of this occasion by drinking the health of Simeon Leland, the Lord of Landlords.

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The following beautiful poetical tribute, sent to the festival anonymously, we cannot withold from publication. The interest of these lines is enhanced by the fact that they are from the pen of the gifted and accomplished authoress of *Pelayo*, MRS. E. T. PORTER BEACH.

WOMAN'S TRIBUTE.

Hail, ROBERT BURNS! fair women now,
Beneath Columbia's skies,
Unto thy genius loving bow—
To fame that never dies.

Hail, Scotia's Bard! thy memory dear
In woman's heart is shrined:
And why should not her place be here
To honor soul and mind?

For she, the pure, and good, and true,
Was dear to thee on earth,
And changed not to thy spirit view
Her charms—through spirit birth.

Thus, ROBERT BURNS, fair women here,
As laurel leaflets fresh and bright
Encircled—wreathe thy memory dear
With purer radiance—holier light.

Hail, Poet dear! Love's offering now
Enwreathes as halo for thy brow
A fragrant incense, rising high,
To greet thy spirit in the sky!

Brighter than Bay or Laurel leaves,
The Coronal affection weaves
An amaranthine offering pure,
Through endless ages to endure!

Pure woman's love! a glory bright,
Encircling thee in sacred light!
Its hallowed crown they bring to thee—
Thy genius, worth and Poesy.

ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH.

New York, Jan. 25th, 1869.

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